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APRIL 22, 1969

URTAINS FOR LINDSAY?
Frank S. Meyer

NATIONAL REVIEW

House Committee on Un-Democratic Activities Will Expose Secret Right-Wing Organization

Results of Extensive Hearings Reveal Massive Conspiracy

Council of One Hundred Governs Clandestine Group

SPECIAL TO NATIONAL REVIEW

EARLY NEXT WEEK, the House Committee on Un-Democratic Activities will lay bare a massive plot to undermine democratic institutions in the United States. Implicated in the Our People's Underground Movement are groups as various as the Lester Maddox String Quartet, the Impeach Earl Warren Corps de Ballet, the National Council of Churches Bar and Grill, Save Our Slums Inc.

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THE ANGUILLA CAPER
by Anthony Lejeune

WHAT ABOUT CAPITAL PUNISHMENT?
by Arnold W. Green

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A brilliant young minister asks,
"Is God really dead—or is He just thoroughly disgusted with us?"

THE PROTEST OF A TROUBLED PROTESTANT
by Harold O.J. Brown

FORGIVE US for repeating what has become banal, but millions of Christians are sick at heart over conditions in our churches. Yes, there are protests. But all too often, they take the form of shrill tracts that put off the intelligent reader and, in truth, do no credit to the good cause they aim to serve.

But now the Rev. Harold O.J. Brown has put the case for traditional Protestantism in a new book that is graceful in style, compelling in its message. Here is a book that faces up to all the questions that are troubling you and your children—and if the answers are blunt and unfashionable, they come from a man who can look the Zeitgeist in the eye and still be a convinced and convincing Christian:

☐ *What has happened to moral values in America; to the religious convictions that used to guide us in our family and our national life?*

☐ *Isn't the Brave New World of the Liberals a world of computers and beer cans, pollution and glass towers—and spiritual emptiness?*

☐ *What is going on in the churches? In your denomination? In your own congregation?*

☐ *Are* **we** *losing touch—or is it the world that is heading off toward nowhere, ever more convinced of the "truth that there is no truth?"*

The arrogant age we live in flings these questions up at us. But Harold Brown, very much the modern man, finds truth, and life, in the old beliefs. If you sometimes feel your spirit sagging, this book rekindles hope.

And if someone dear to you, perhaps a youngster in college, now feels that the Christianity of our fathers is no longer "relevant," Harold Brown puts the case for the old faith in reasoned terms that command respect.

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The Protest of a Troubled Protestant is the work of a *committed* Christian who with great candor and insight faces the serious (but not insurmountable) problems of the besieged Church. The answers he reaches are not easy, nor pat, nor likely to ring pleasant in the modern ear. But we can see in our churches, and in our own lives: the easy, pleasant answers have failed.

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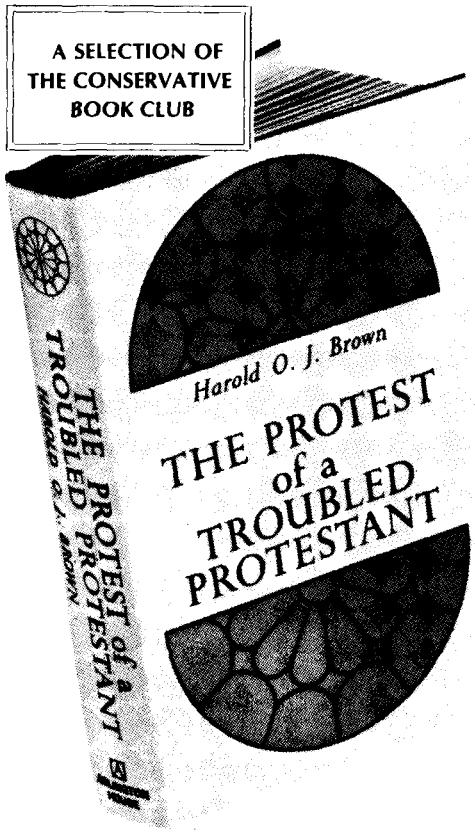

Dr. Brown's pen probes at every issue facing the Church today. Examples:

- **Christ's kingdom not of this world. What this means for the Christian. Why "City of Man" theologies founder.**
- **Christianity's defensible good works. The social obligations of the Christian. Why it is *unnecessary* to add *social* content to the Gospel.**
- **Yesterday's blasphemy, today's commonplace from the pulpit. The *motives* for unbelief. The secular fevers: relativism, syncretism. What they are and how they infect the Protestant denominations.**
- **Worship that is a bore. Ritual without content.**
- **Theology: the science we hold in common with devils, not angels. Theology in the scientific age. Is it comparable to other sciences? Can it be forced to fit the 20th century by the modernists? The need for literal inspiration.**
- **Is the U.S. a Christian nation? The limits of legislation. The "substantial minority" who profess faith.**
- **How the teachings of some Church leaders reverse the priorities of Jesus.**
- **Prohibition vs. civil-rights legislation.**
- **Why some of the most sensitive, most deeply *committed*, most *orthodox* Christians attend no church.**
- **Roman Catholicism's interest in the new Protestantism: is it healthy? Grave dangers of ecumenism.**
- **Politics: is it "the vehicle through which the will of God is done in the world today?"**
- **Accommodating the Christian message to the times and to the world: why it never succeeds.**
- **Disobedience to rightful authority equals submission to tyranny. Casting out one demon only to have seven worse take over. Nihilism and the drug "experience." Difference between authority and tyranny.**
- **The Liberal-evangelical chasm. Liberal theology: *another religion*. The greatest reality in Protestant theology today.**
- **Bishop Pike's new cause. Cults, spiritualists, and other nonsense. Satan worshippers: not amusing.**
- **Hallmark of today: rejection of reality. The Beatles. Allen Ginsberg. *Blow-up*.**
- **What Christians have to tell the oppressed and downtrodden, and what to hurl in the teeth of the oppressor.**
- **Why legislated morality does not work. Repeat: does *not* work. Legislative excesses.**

Articles by Dr. Brown have appeared in *Christianity Today*, *National Review*, *The Freeman*, *Eternity*, *Christian Herald* and several foreign publications, including *The Times* of London—on sports. He is an ordained minister in the Congregational Church, and presently serves as the theological secretary of the International Fellowship of Evangelical Students in Lausanne, Switzerland.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Tension between **flower children-hippie** wing of SDS and the **hard Marxist-Leninist revolutionaries** much apparent at Austin, Tex. meeting of National Council a week back (when the U. of Tex. refused to house meeting, several churches offered SDS rooms). It showed in a) refusal to condemn the use of drugs because "they breed individualism and a lack of revolutionary discipline"—victory for hippies; b) vote to kick out Southern Students Organizing Committee, a white militant group, that was judged insufficiently "radical" and that had (shame!) "taken money from CIA"—victory for the hards; and c) vote to support China in the China-Soviet border war (the hippies didn't care). Prognosis: A final split with the Progressive Labor and black militants winning out. . . . **Adam Clayton Powell** doing much speechifying these days: threatening to go to court if necessary to block any Administration move to cut off federal scholarship aid to rioting students. The current unrest, says Powell, "is the healthiest thing I've seen on the American campus." . . . Not so, think members of the Wisconsin Assembly, who last week approved a bill to require the expulsion of any student convicted of disruptive activities from state universities and colleges. Now goes to Senate.

■ Who's taking the lead on Republican side against ABM? Why, three freshmen senators, that's who. **Goodell** of New York, **Saxbe** of Ohio, **Cook** of Kentucky. . . . Biggest mail of the 91st Congress has been against Army's decision to **scrub God from indoctrination lectures** chaplains give inductees. Order has since been repealed by Sec. **Laird**. . . . Sens. **Mansfield**, **Goldwater** and **James Allen** (D., Ala.) have introduced legislation to create a division of obscenity control within the Justice Department and also to prohibit the mailing of obscene material to the under-eighteens. . . . Sen. **McGovern**, asked why he called Marshal **Ky** a dictator, replied in letter to inquisitive constituent: "Vice President Ky's degree of de facto control over the policies of the Saigon government seems to me sufficient to make the term 'dictator' quite accurate."

■ The visit by Ky and his wife to **wounded American veterans** at Walter Reed Hospital at time of **Eisenhower** funeral very well received. Ky said he understood their sacrifices and added, "on behalf of my country, my people, my family and my children, I thank you." . . . Greek authorities confiscated the newspaper *Esperini Ora* which showed a picture of exiled **King Constantine** at the Eisenhower rites, allowing the publication of a second edition in which Constantine's face had been blacked out. . . . French Prime Minister **Couve de Murville**, stung by polls that say only 48 per cent of the French people even have an opinion on the April 29 reform referendum, hints that **de Gaulle** may step down if he doesn't get a whopping aye vote. . . . **Daniel Cohn-Bendit** (see Willi Schlamm review, p. 391) is going into script-writing business for **Jean-Luc Godard**'s next, *Wind from the East*. It will be (surprise) about a miners' strike that evolves into guerrilla war and culminates in a general strike.

Jon, *Daily Mail*, London Ben Roth Agency

"The alternative suggestion is to move London."

■ No popularity vote: **Czechs** have signed up for only 6 per cent of the package tours to Russia this summer, but for 84 per cent of those to Rumania and 96 per cent of those to Yugoslavia—the two Eastern European Communist states that didn't back the Soviet occupation. . . . Yugoslavia, incidentally, is now training all able-bodied men in guerrilla and partisan tactics, just in case. . . . **Hungary**, celebrating its 25th year as a Communist state, has just cancelled all internal air service: its old planes are worn out; it would be too expensive to enlarge airports to handle the big new jets. . . . Russia has just lowered the price on its **color TVs** to 912 rubles, which means the average Russian will have to work only nine and a half months to raise the money to buy one, instead of a full year. . . . Those new **Fiats** now abuilding in the Soviet Union have higher chassis than the Italian models—to clear the ruts on Russia's largely unpaved roads.

■ **East Germany**, not known for its rib-splitting humor in general, has come up with a nicie: the suggested theme song for CIA, *We Shall Undermine*. . . . Appearing on some bumpers, after the earthquake that failed, "California Deserves a Fair Shake."

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16 things I learned from my wife...

since she started reading The National Observer

"Barbara is a model housewife. But she's the last person I would expect to brief me about what is going on in the world. So you can imagine my surprise when Barbara began talking about such news as:

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3. Why doctors are warning women against wearing a certain type of earring.
4. Why some scientists now believe our genes contain 'suicide notes'.
5. How California is developing an underwater state park.
6. Why analysts feel oceanography stocks are the next big glamour investment.
7. Why the hobo ranks have declined in America.
8. Why a leading psychologist says the name you give your child may be the key to his behavior.
9. How families can save on air fares by knowing the airline 'rate language'.
10. Why we may soon have a 'memory pill' —and what it will do.
11. Why you may soon be compensated automatically for injuries in a car accident ...without going to court.
12. How to determine if it will be cheaper in the long run to rent an apartment instead of buying a home.
13. How to be sure you are buying a genuine antique—and not a piece of junk.
14. Why the old science-fiction idea of freezing people for cold storage may come true a lot sooner than you think.
15. Why a new definition of death has become the subject of a controversy at the American Medical Association.
16. How you can increase your life insurance coverage without spending more.

"Where did Barbara get all of this information? Certainly not from day time television or the local paper. No — a short while ago, on a friend's advice, she took out a subscription to The National Observer, the national weekly newspaper. I could see the change in her almost immediately, and when I began reading The Observer, too, I knew why. It really *explains* the news. Each story is not just a collection of facts, but a fascinating, thorough report that puts all the pieces together.

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You get more news — and you get more out of it. In its full-size newspaper format (printed on our own special crisp, white newsprint) you often get more reading material than in other news weeklies — not just one major "cover story," but five or six. Inside pages are important news pages, too — there's no "letdown." More than 50 excellent pictures and illustrations open windows not only on the people, places and events in the headlines, but also on such colorful sidelights as the amusing spectacle of an elephant giving his autograph.

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Each week, too, The Observer brings you more than a dozen special features that add to your enjoyment or broaden your knowledge in important areas. "This Week in Washington," for example, can be read in a matter of minutes, yet it brings you up to date on significant happenings. "How's Business?" fills you in quickly on important trends in business and industry.

For Bridge enthusiasts, there's "Better Bridge"; for crossword fans, a really challenging weekly brain-tickler; for recipe collectors, a gem or two almost every week in "Food for Thought." And for both you and your youngsters, there's a weekly news quiz, plus "Current Events Classroom," a column which brings you news background on topics such as the mystery of certain Unidentified Flying Objects for which the United States Air Force has no explanation. On the lighter side, "Reflections" explores the random aspects of life such as the "good old days" when a pocket watch was a major status symbol. And, "The Compleat Consumer" offers you tips on how to live better and get the best buy for your dollar, whether you're planning to buy a car . . . a camera . . . or take a vacation cruise.

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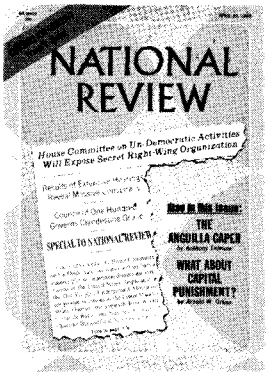
IN THIS ISSUE

■ We break a big story. Years-long investigation by the House Committee on Undemocratic Activities has culminated in the exposure, as a vast right-wing conspiracy, of something calling itself the "Our People's Underworld Movement." Hitherto supposed, even by its members, to be a loose federation of autonomous nut groups, the "Our People's Underworld Movement" is actually seen by the Committee as a tightly controlled network of secret operatives seeking to rend the fabric of democracy in the U.S. Although the Committee's investigations were conducted under a cover of maximum security, advance prints of its Draft Report have reached this office, testifying to the truth of at least one of its conclusions: that the Committee has sprung a leak.

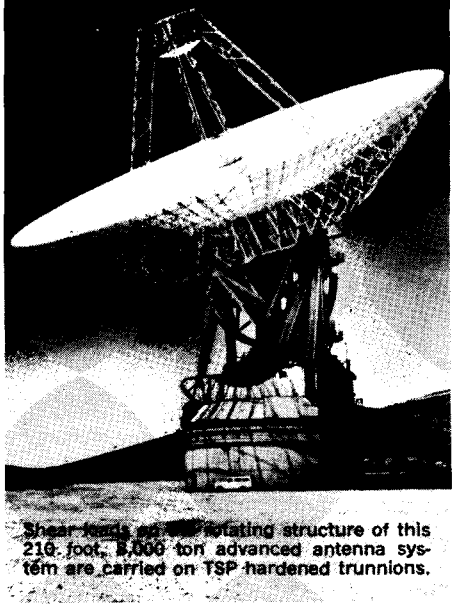

NATIONAL REVIEW
House Committee on Un-American Activities Will Expose Secret Right-Wing Organization
SPECIAL TO NATIONAL REVIEW
THE ANGUILLA CAPER
WHAT ABOUT CAPITAL PUNISHMENT?

We at NR, although solidly committed to the militant conservative movement, agree that excesses are excessive, and that under the circumstances all of us from Left to Right, without reference to race, color or creed, should join the Committee in condemning the Our People's Underworld Movement and backing special legislation to crack down on it. Our main informant, to whom we owe our story of the impending disclosures against OPUM, must hide behind the pseudonym "**Timothy J. Wheeler**." He has been identified under oath as an ex-turkey farmer, a new father, and as one who holds the permanent rank of Commodore in the United States Navy. We refuse to disclose all other Sources, except to say that they are Informed.

■ The case against capital punishment, though successfully pressed by determined opinion-molders, is by no means clear to the general public. **Arnold W. Green**, who writes about this deeply divisive issue on p. 382, is the author of a widely used textbook on sociology. . . . **Thomas J. Barbarie** is an American citizen who lives in Rome.

■ The long-awaited Baker biography of Hemingway gets good marks for research, low ones for interpretation, from Professor **Jeffrey Hart**. . . . **William Schlamm** tells why reputable publishers are so eager to rush *chutzpah* artists like Cohn-Bendit into print. . . . **M. E. Bradford**, on the faculty of the University of Dallas, gives an enlightening discourse on Civil War historiography. . . . **Stefan T. Possony**, of the Hoover Institution, hails G. Warren Nutter for his book on the Soviet economy. . . . **Ruth Berenson** surveys the trend that has taken mechanized art into the electronic age. . . . And we welcome the reappearance in our pages of **John Kreuttner**, cartoonist extraordinary.

probing space or producing steel



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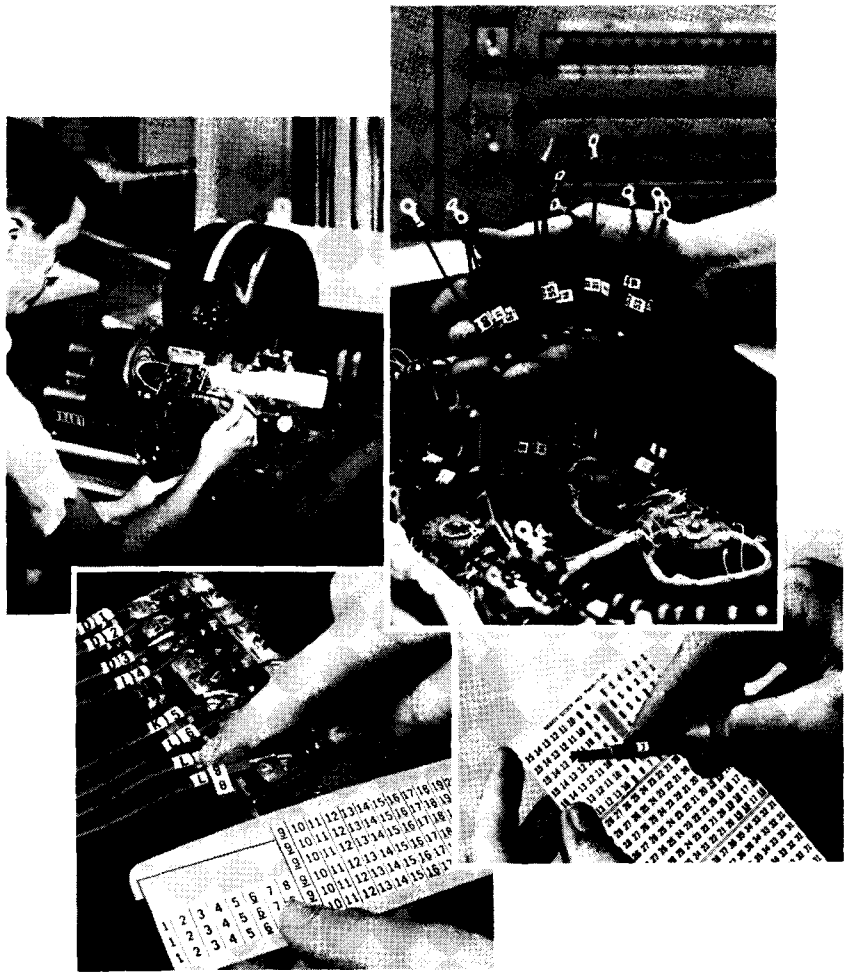

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LETTERS

Da Cruz is Wrong

In his despondency over Israel's impending "push into Lebanon," Daniel Da Cruz [*NR*, April 8] has evidently chosen to ignore both the nature of Israel's policy towards Lebanon during the Arab-Israeli War of 1967 and the implications of that policy. Briefly put, this policy was one of "Hands off."

If Israel had any "long-prepared" plans to annex Lebanese territory, then one can only assume that her leaders were either blind or insane during the Six-Day War: for never will Israel be in a better position than she was then to conquer Lebanon. . . . Lebanon's quixotic declaration of war against Israel provided the latter with a perfect excuse for invasion. Nevertheless, Israel refused to budge. A nation with aggressive designs on another would not have neglected the opportunity that Israel had against Lebanon.

Los Angeles, Calif. ISAAC PACHULSKI

Understanding Conservatism

Surely I join most *NR* readers in thanking Norman Phillips for his short and lucid treatment of the roots of conservatism [Mar. 25]. It serves admirably as a jumping-off point for further investigation of what is conservatism in 1969 America.

New York, N. Y. RICHARD CARL SUBBER

I must confess to disappointment with Norman Phillips' ambitious article. An "historical understanding of conservatism" is it? Where is the understanding? Mr. Phillips simply presented us with brief depictions of various historically creditable schools of right-wing thought and let it go at that. A description is not an evaluation.

One wonders why, in the first place, Mr. Phillips vowed to adhere to "scholarly" usage and refer to classical liberalism as the true American representative of conservatism, only to deal with these terms throughout as though they were mutually exclusive. One wonders why, in the second place, if the two share no common ideological genes, they should both oppose the welfare state, as Mr. Phillips tells us they do. Surely, in the case of traditionalist conservatism, elitist preoccupations are by themselves no real explanation. If that were so, we would all have been seduced long ago by certain ingenious professori, such as Mr. Peter Viereck, who present us with Franklin Roosevelt, that congenial old squire of Hyde Park, as a genuine conservative hero. And just as surely, in the case of classical liberalism, there are

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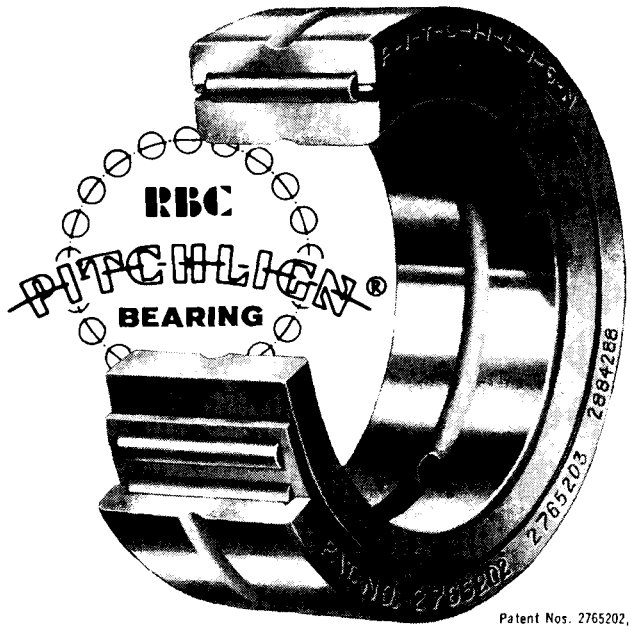

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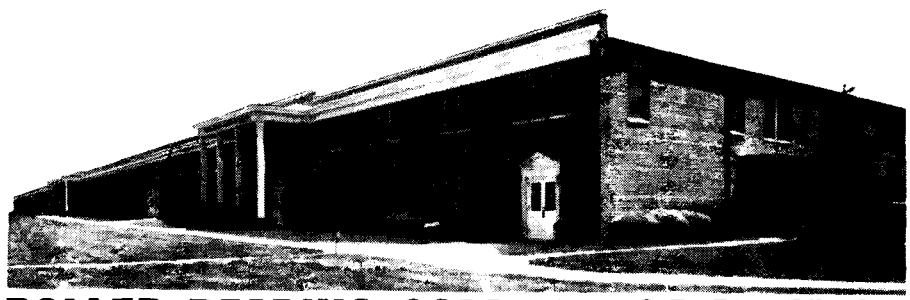

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those whose disdain for the modern Left cannot be explained as simply proceeding from academic disputes over "economic" questions narrowly defined. Rather, particularly with Wilhelm Röpke to mention one, our entire modern world-view, with all its normative confusion, is called into question.

Perhaps it is well to remember a fact which Mr. Phillips did not mention. Edmund Burke was a personal friend of Adam Smith, and a warm admirer of his economic studies. From this alone we may insinuate a synthesis rather deeper than the simple *ad hoc* alliance against the Left that seems to be the best Mr. Phillips can do.

Aurora, Ill. DAVID R. WADE

An Oaklander Protests

Russell Kirk claimed to "know a number of Oakland students," [April 8] and therefore can say that "nearly everything you hear about Oakland is true." I am an Oakland student and I can honestly say that nearly everything Mr. Kirk wrote is not true at all. Oakland's student body is generally not affluent, in fact less than half live in the dorms Mr. Kirk knows so little about. I have lived in one of "Oakland's monstrous dormitories" for two years and contrary to what Mr. Kirk was led to believe, only two students live in each room and both are of the same sex. I have found the dorm and the library to be reasonable places to study and I am not alone: the achievements of Oakland graduates will bear this out.

Rochester, Mich. LAURENCE BLANK

Will Our Readers Get Greenway?

It was with mixed feelings that I read "Will the Indians Get Whitey?" by John Greenway [*NR*, March 11].

Does Mr. Greenway really believe that "Indians did not fight to defend their land, their people, or their honor . . . they fought for the fighting"? This statement, like several others which he made, seems to characterize mainly the Plains Indians. And Ruth Benedict did not brainwash me. There are some Indian tribes for whom this assertion does not apply. Some did not make a regular practice of warfare, and others, such as the Beothuk, fought for self-preservation.

Toronto, Ont. MARY DOWNEY

May I suggest that John Greenway confine himself to picking up arrowheads around Boulder, Colorado? Just who is this distinguished anthropologist so keen of intelligence, so massive in intellect, so pure and noble in thought that he so easily dismisses Raph Waldo Emerson as "that Boston booby"?

Fort Wayne, Ind. RAY J. BRUNSON

Greenway's major fault is an unwillingness to attempt to understand the Indian culture and way of life. His ethnocentrism precludes the possibility of any unbiased coverage, as does his tacit assumption that

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politics (whether liberal or conservative) should enter into the study of history. Does a conversion to conservatism guarantee publication in NATIONAL REVIEW?

Half-truths and innuendo have no place in the reportage of history or anthropology—certainly not in reportage of a subject as essential and touchy as interracial relations. I feel both the article and the cover blurb were in bad taste.

FRED N. BREUKELMAN,
City Editor
Mitchell, S. D. *Daily Republic*

If I learn the names of lots of Indian tribes (pardon me—weak associations of nomadic bands!) and promise neither to use logic nor to apply standards equally again, can I be a leading anthropologist, too?

Prince George, Va. GEORGE E. ERTEL

John Greenway's article on the American Indian was amusing. Amusing also were some of the quotes from the Indian books he had under review, but he made a mistake in lumping together good books with the bad.

I would like to make another point. The reason John Greenway is able to set up the Indians and then knock them over is because we have ignored the Indian as a continuing participant in American history.

Oh, the Indian is in the school books, all right. He is there in full regalia and usually in full color. He jumps out from behind a tree to sign a treaty with William Penn, then he vanishes to reappear two hundred pages later shooting at a stagecoach. He is a cardboard figure with no continuity, and no understanding of his relationship to the sweep of events.

Our guilt complex towards the American Indian began, in my view, around 1820-1830, with the removal of the five Civilized Tribes and others from the South to an "Indian Territory" that later became the state of Oklahoma.

This removal was cruel; it was illegal and in religious and intellectual circles of that time it aroused a deep moral concern similar to the soul-stirrings now going on over Vietnam. Were the Indian in his right place in our history, we would have a view of this guilt complex in its right surroundings. We would not feel it so intensely, or at least not so apologetically. We would have a better understanding of the pros and cons of our Indian policies.

Only cardboard Indians are all cruel, ferocious and aggressive. In real history some were and some weren't, and they often changed from time to time as outside influences impinged. Some tribes were democratic; some decidedly not. There was no generality. Some tribes had slaves; some not. Some were treated quite well by the United States; some not.

The American Indians deserve a respected place in American history as a people who, in their infinite variety, influenced events and in turn were influenced by them. Until that happens, and so long as the Indian remains a caricature, so long can the John Greenways make the jokes.

Washington, D.C. WILL ROGERS JR.
Bureau of Indian Affairs

I was delighted to encounter John Greenway's essay, "Will the Indians Get Whitey?" in NATIONAL REVIEW. It is high time conservatives recognize this flawless writer and exacting scholar. He has been a prime source of apoplexy for University of Colorado leftists for years.

Providing Prefessor Greenway remains as personally fearless as I remember him, and his life and fire insurance policies are paid up, I suggest NATIONAL REVIEW make it a high order of business to obtain essays by the professor concerning other racial minorities currently lionized by the Left.

Bully for John Greenway and NATIONAL REVIEW.

Ouray, Colo. JACKSON S. FRANCIS

What Bucher Should Have Done

Several weeks ago Mr. Buckley wrote an article bewailing the plight of Commander Bucher and damning the Navy high command. The actions of the Navy high command were indeed damnable. This does not remove the onus from Commander Bucher. Within the limits of his resources he could have done more—much more. A few items are offered below.

a) As soon as Commander Bucher became convinced that the enemy intended to board him he should have ordered the rudder hard right. Then the electrical connections in the servo system, which moves the rudder, should have been torn out. The ship would then have sailed in circles. Repairing the damage would have been a lengthy job and help from the *USS Enterprise* might by that time have been available.

b) At the same time Commander Bucher could have ordered the destruction of the ship's engineering plant. This would have been quickly and simply accomplished by any of several means, depending on the type of plant involved. A moment's carelessness can render the plant of a ship inoperable for weeks. The Navy is constantly on the lookout for ways to guard against this. All that was required was an order and in a matter of minutes the *Pueblo* would have come to a dead stop.

c) The actions listed above would have made it necessary for the enemy to tow the *Pueblo* nearly fifteen miles to port. That is not an easy thing to do, especially if the ship's rudder is locked hard right or left. By the time it was done, naval airpower could have been on the scene.

All this may be 20/20 hindsight. I

(Continued on page 401)

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THE WEEK

■ From the UPI wire service, March 25: SEN. JAVITS SPEAKS AT MEETING SPONSORED BY THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY YOUNG REPUBLICANS, NEW LECTURE HALL, A.U. CAMPUS, 7:30 P.M. JAVITS TO RECEIVE THE ROBERT TAFT MEMORIAL AWARD. The reference is to Robert Bojangles Taft Esq., the retired steward on the Oakland ferry.

■ At latest count, 83,457 articles, editorials and columns of comment related to Dwight Eisenhower's death had recalled that in his 1961 farewell address he urged that "we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence by the military-industrial complex." Exactly one, so far as *NR*'s researchers have been able to locate, mentioned that General Eisenhower went on to explain that danger as being derived from and subordinate to the primary threat to "the very structure of our society": namely, "a hostile ideology—global in scope, atheistic in character, ruthless in purpose and insidious in method."

■ Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall, writing the majority opinion, has handed down a decision that is widely understood to defend the idea that a man's home is his castle. The case concerned a prosecution that arose from a man's possession of obscene material in his home. Justice Marshall tossed the case out on the grounds that what goes on in the man's home is his own business (saving the normal exceptions such as child-beating, etc.). Strange to say, this is the same Thurgood Marshall who, as spokesman for the Federal Court of Appeals (Southern District, N.Y.) a few years ago, upheld the conviction of NATIONAL REVIEW editor William Rickenbacker for his refusal to comply with a 1960 Census questionnaire about his electrical appliances, bathtubs, and so on. It would appear, from the logic of Justice Marshall, that we will be secure in our homes during the 1970 household survey if we wrap our possessions in dirty film strips.

■ Keep an eye on the Los Angeles mayoralty election May 27—if you can. Incumbent Sam Yorty, a maverick Democrat who regularly endorses Republicans, is opposed by Thomas Bradley, who is a party regular, a veteran policeman and a Negro. In the first round last week, Yorty ran second with 183,000 votes to Bradley's 293,000; Bradley got 42 per cent of the vote in a city that is only 15 per cent Negro. The campaign should be interesting (Yorty has already accused Bradley of "racism"), and could give the nation its third black big-city mayor. And further on the subject of Negroes' growing political acceptability: Dr. Gallup finds that 67 per cent of the population would vote for a "qualified" Negro for President today, compared with 38 per cent ten years ago.

■ The U.S. has decided not to dispatch a delegate to the annual UN committee-tour of Africa. The objection is that the tour has turned into a propaganda exercise of the Communist and anticolonialist blocs; that it is unnecessary in that the African spokesmen who have something to say can always get to New York to say it anyway; and that the junket is a waste of money. Score one point for sanity.

■ On the eve of the twentieth anniversary of the signing of the NATO treaty, Pierre-Elliot Trudeau, the witty leftist Prime Minister of Canada, celebrated by announcing Happy Birthday!—Canada will begin a "planned and phased reduction" of her armed forces from NATO. (The armed forces Mr. Sunshine referred to include 11,500 men—out of a total Canadian military force of 100,000—stationed in West Germany.) Indeed, last year Mr. Trudeau had stated that Canada would reduce its air force commitment to NATO but the Soviet-bloc invasion of Czechoslovakia prevented him from doing so. Although he refused to specify the actual rate of the intended reduction and left unanswered a question as to the possibility of Canada's total withdrawal, his decision countered the advice of a parliamentary committee (as well as that of the Secretary for External Affairs and both the present and former Ministers of Defense) which had urged that Canada continue its normal military relationship with NATO. The reason for the Canadian secession? Well, first of all, Canada must maintain her sovereignty (her "territorial integrity" has not been threatened since Confederation in 1867). And then, too, there is the defense of our continent to consider. Said the Prime Minister: "We intend to continue to cooperate effectively with the United States in the defense of North America." We are doomed.

■ Monetary news is coming hot and heavy these days. There are rumors that South Africa has reached an agreement to sell half its gold production to the central banks at the official price of $35 an ounce and the other half on the free market. Other rumors concern an upward revaluation of the D-mark after the German elections; moves towards free exchange rates (see below); and supersecret negotiation of a complete revamping of the international monetary system to coincide with the introduction of the "paper gold" reserves called SDRs (Special Drawing Rights in the International Monetary Fund). All these steps are intended to cure the present imbalances of the monetary system and relieve the pressure on gold prices. Strange, then, that the price of gold should continue to bump against its all-time highs in London, Paris, Zurich and New York.

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■ The battle of nerves goes on in Czechoslovakia, the latest Soviet crackdown having fathered an underground news service which has replaced the censored daily press and continues to keep the citizenry informed. The battle has seesawed for months now, and the next move, the power balance being what it is, belongs to the increasingly impatient Soviets. They could give up the fight, or they could resort to a full-ahead purge and wipe out the nationalists of this generation for good. Their best hope is that the Czechs read the alternatives this way, recognize that the Soviets are not quitters, and make some permanent concessions to prevent the devastation of the homeland. The Czechs, deserted by the West, and ignored in the UN, have no best hope at all.

■ With friends like this, Negro colleges in the South and elsewhere don't need enemies. The best Negro teachers and scholars are being lured away by offers from the big Northern and Western universities who need them for the newly forming Black Studies Departments. The competition is intense for a Negro who has a Ph.D., and if he's written a book the sky's the limit. Result: as they lose their Ph.D. staff the Negro colleges are also in danger of losing their accreditation.

■ Tom and Dick Smothers, the Bobbsey Twins of mealy-mouthed dissent, will not have a TV show next year—not on the CBS network, at any rate, CBS having dropped them for failing to deliver the tape of a show in time to be previewed by network executives and, uh, censors. So ends what is everywhere billed as a "running battle" between the brave brothers and the bad network, over "censorship." Yes, CBS is timid: NBC permits the much racier, much more pointed (and much funnier) "Laugh-In" to go its mad way uncut. But it is equally true that the brothers all but begged for it. Dumb little Tommy rails at the CBS censors at the drop of a reporter—yet has no objection to cuts made in his show by local affiliates "in accordance with regional taste." Industry insiders note that although CBS had renewed the show for next season, the brothers were unhappy over their slipping ratings; better, perhaps, to go in a blaze of publicity than to quietly fade out. And, on the censorship point, censorship (especially ideological, as was much of CBS's) is undesirable—but then NBC has made hay out of its rival's timidity. And surely censorship by a network is more desirable than censorship by the government, a specter raised by Senator John Pastore (D., R.I.) with his one-man campaign against violence and sex on television.

■ When *Esquire* gives its next Dubious Achievement Awards it will have to name Robert S. Collier Saboteur of the Year. In 1965 Collier tried to blow up the Statue of Liberty, failed, went to jail, and emerged three years later to go to work for the city Parks Department and serve as Minister of Education for the New York Area Black Panthers. Apparently the parks are deficient in monuments suitable for demolition, however, and Mr. Collier, like Gulley Jimson in the grips of an obsession with blank wall, apparently went off in search of something worthy of being blown to smithereens. After what must have been a diligent search, he and twenty of his fellow Panthers allegedly decided to dynamite Macy's, Alexander's, Bloomingdale's, Korvette's and Abercrombie & Fitch during the Easter rush. Also on the schedule for demolition, police charge, were sections of the New Haven Railroad as well as a police station or two. Mr. Collier obviously had found a project worthy of his talents. Unfortunately, however, the police intervened between him and immortality and Mr. Collier is presently languishing in jail. But such is often the fate of the artist who dares to dream big dreams. One suspects that Mr. Collier will be heard from again. The Empire State Building is, after all, still standing.

■ Bulletin from the Circumlocution Office: Rolls-Royce is recalling thousands of cars because of a possible safety hazard — "Exceptional overload conditions may cause the side steering lever securing set-screws to relax their torque tightness," said company officials, and would say no more. But (according to the *NY Times*) "independent authorities said it meant that the driver could lose control of the car."

■ In country after country, national medicare has either failed in medical quality or been quickly transformed into a system of fees for services rendered—a throwback to the laissez-faire medical economics it was supposed to supplant. Canada is the latest example. The proposed federal medical system has run into opposition in Ottawa. Saskatchewan is cutting back its programs and adding fees for hospital stays and doctor calls. Physicians in Manitoba will boycott the system if Manitoba enters. The Premier of Quebec says the federal plan would take $120 million a year from his constituents. The federal plan was due to take off on April Fool's Day. Anyone who thinks the near certainty of disaster will give the planners pause simply hasn't been paying attention.

■ Tom Mboya, Kenya's economics minister, stunned a militant Harlem audience recently by announcing that he opposes the emigration of American Negroes to Africa. When he went on to say that the multiracial, "cosmopolitan atmosphere which has been established in Africa and elsewhere must be established all over," jeers, threats and even a few eggs came winging toward the platform. "You're not the same Mboya that we knew. You're not the same Mboya we fought for," yelled one irate madame, and she was right. That other Mboya has, during the past few years, graduated from agitator to the job of helping govern a nation.

■ Some of the lads at the University of Maryland are running around the campus, day or night, without a stitch of clothing on. It's a fad, say they. Relieves bore-

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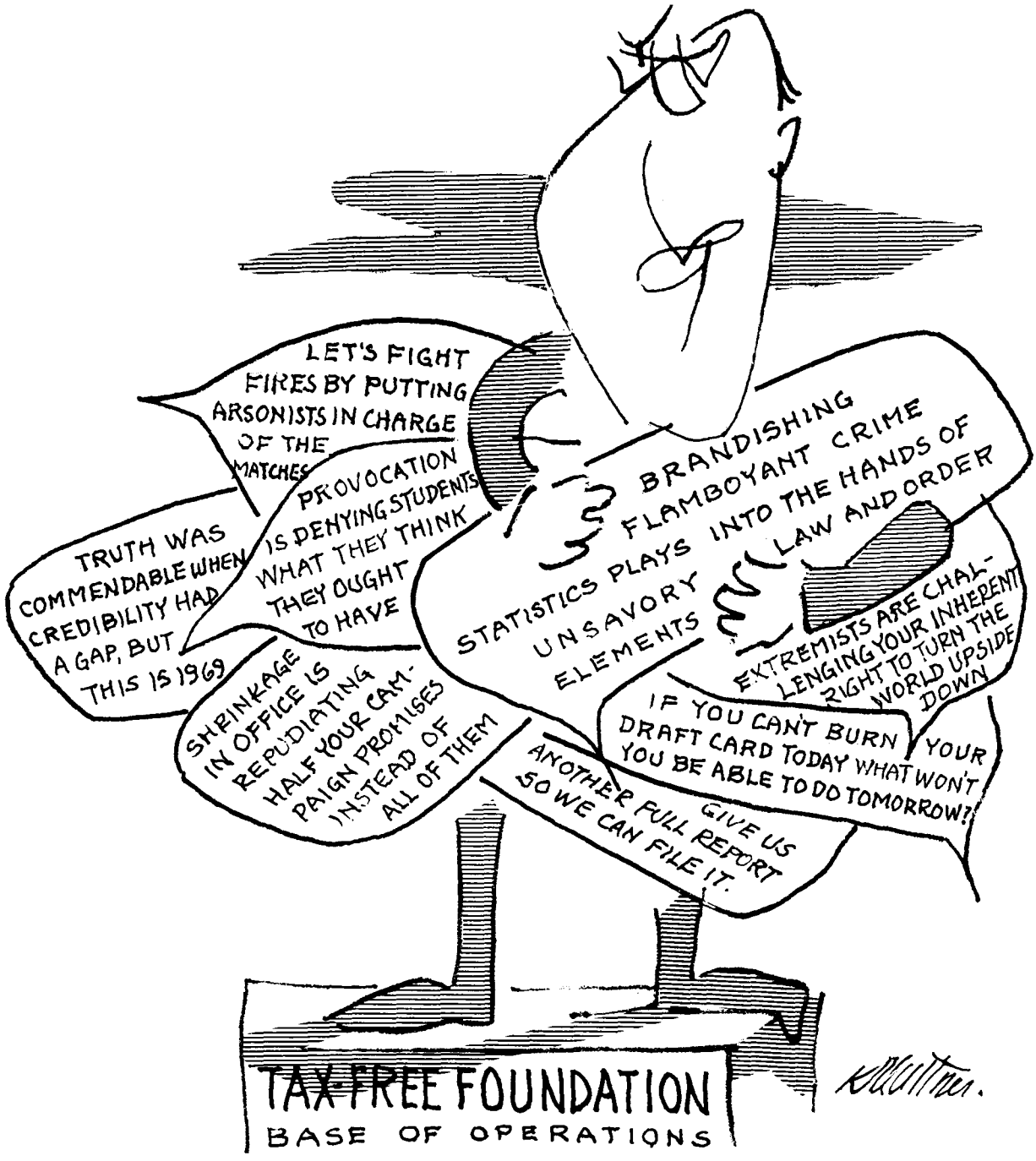
dom. Expresses deep-felt feltdeeps. And besides, as none of the careful scholars was moved to remind us, it's what the Greeks anciently did. Ha—choo!

■ If you want to get at Little Orphan Annie, just kidnap Daddy Warbucks. Ever since H. Rap Brown took refuge there last year (from a too-inquisitive policeman) it's been well known that the Cuban Mission to the United Nations is super-hospitable to our black militants. Now the State Department has barred two Cuban envoys because they gave "financial and directional" aid to the Black Panthers. Five more may have their entry visas revoked. The action, coming as it does shortly after the indictment of 21 Panthers on charges of plotting to blow up New York department stores, may signal a coordinated crackdown. We got Warbucks, now let's grab the kid and the dog.

■ If you absolutely have to read about the ABM, you could do worse than to consult a symposium just published by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions (Santa Barbara, Calif.; ask for *Anti-Ballistic Missile: Yes or No?*). Donald Brennan and Leon Johnson pro, Jerome Wiesner and George McGovern anti, Hubert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Four-Power Exercise

On April 3 the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain and France began talks on what was announced as "the peaceful political settlement in the Middle East." In the eternally devious way of diplomacy, these encounters are defined as in no way official, merely informal discussions among the Messrs. Yost, Malik, Caradon and Berard, Esquires, the respective UN ambassadors of the Big Four. To symbolize the informality they meet at one another's apartments. Still, the first gathering was formal enough to call for a communiqué at its conclusion: "The four powers are agreed that the situation in the Middle East is serious and urgent and must not be permitted to jeopardize international peace." If that is six hours' worth, we might as well relax.

The odds against the four powers' achieving their announced objective are roughly a million to one. Israel has flatly rejected in advance any settlement proposed by outsiders. The Arab states, sounding like a Black Students' Union, have rejected any settlement that doesn't coincide with their own aims, and would in any case be prevented by the guerrilla groups from making a genuine peace with Israel. Actually, there is no likelihood that the four could reach an agreement on a Mideast settlement. If they did by some diplomatic miracle, it is inconceivable that they would agree to the joint enforcement measures that would be required to impose their terms.

Since the analysts of the four powers are not stupid, they undoubtedly understand that these talks are not going to produce as advertised. The question then arises: Why, knowing this, have the four governments nevertheless gone ahead with the talks?

France has never forgiven her exclusion from Yalta and Washington's refusal to set up a three-power (U.S.-France-Britain) NATO directorship. Here is a chance for her to regain a summit role (even if the particular summit is rather shaky), and at the same time to pursue her present Arab orientation.

On historical grounds, Britain could hardly have been omitted. Britain held the Palestinian mandate, proclaimed the Homeland, and has for decades been involved economically and politically in the Middle East. The U.S., moreover, wants Britain's presence to help balance the anti-Israel, pro-Arab policies lately followed by both France and the Soviet Union.

The U.S. unquestionably does want very badly to cool the Middle East, and perhaps, alone among the four, has persuaded itself that a settlement through a four-power agreement is possible. The active hostility between Israel and the Arab states, in the context of the special relation between Israel and the U.S. and the special problems of U.S. domestic opinion, interferes grievously with the general improvement of relations with the Arab states that the U.S. government so ardently desires.

The Soviet Union is driving hard to establish itself as a Mediterranean and Mideastern power—ultimately, the dominant power. These talks (see "The Third World War") recognize and legitimize the active Soviet presence in that region. Quite possibly, also, Moscow wants to be in a favorable position to prevent a real settlement. Current Soviet ascendancy in many Arab states depends on a continuance of Israel-Arab hostility; the Arab states count on the Soviet Union for arms, economic aid and political backing. Given peace and an acceptable agreement with Israel, these needs would lessen or disappear, and some at least of the Arab states would tend toward closer, more friendly relations with the Western powers with which their economic interests more naturally mesh.

The U.S. and the Soviet Union are, moreover, moved to these talks by the feeling that they lessen the chance of a sharp confrontation that might arise out of Mideastern developments.

So now there is added one more to the growing global list of endless talks: the Paris Vietnam talks, the U.S.-China talks in Warsaw, the disarmament talks in Geneva, the armistice talks in Panmunjom. . . . If this goes much further, we'll have to begin drafting talkers.

ACLU Begins to See the Light

The generation gap continues to widen. The ACLU has issued a statement which begs campus militants to cool it. Although the ACLU professes to be "committed to the protection of all peaceful nonobstructive forms of protest, including mass demonstrations, picketing, rallies and other dramatic forms," it upbraids young leftists: "We are deeply disturbed about some methods that some student activists have used . . . methods which violate and subvert the basic principles of freedom of expression and academic freedom." Apparently the ACLU has finally been struck by a flash of insight, for the statement continues: "protests that deprive others of the opportunity to speak or be heard, or that require physical takeover of buildings to disrupt the educational process, or the incarceration of administrators and others, are anti-civil-libertarian and incompatible with the nature and high purpose of an educational institution."

Well. A nitpicker would have a field day with the statement, of course. How long since you've seen a "peaceful" campus demonstration? To say nothing of "nonobstructive" picketing? And do we really need the ACLU to tell us that "incarceration of administrators and others" is "incompatible" with the purposes of higher education? And how about the audience—"presidents of colleges and universities, heads of faculty councils and students governing bodies and . . . editors of college newspapers"—to whom the statement is addressed? Does anyone still believe that these people have any influence with groups such as SDS?

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But the nitpicker should eschew his picking. It is cause for rejoicing any time dogmatic liberals manage to perceive the obvious. Some good may yet come out of campus unrest.

The Words Are Different But the Sound Is the Same

Soviet disciplinarians are mounting an all-out attack on artists, writers and scientists who, they cry, have been "ideologically indifferent." Those who have been more concerned with the quality and value of their art than with the dogmatics of Party philosophy and discipline are considered to be of questionable character and loyalty. If the function of art and science is to glorify the State, then those whose creative vitality enables them to transcend the State are regarded as being against the State.

Accordingly *Pravda* has struck hard at writers who have "neglected their political education," who write poetry for the sake of poetry and not of the common weal, and at critics who offend by ignoring "the social and historical aspects of [a] work, which leads to an appreciation of [a writer's] artistic merits separately from his opinions." Dr. Ivan Artobolevsky, the head of *Znaniye* (Knowledge), a public organization of two million members drawn from the intelligensia, has warned scientists against incipient signs of "skepticism, apolitical attitudes and non-class interpretations of such concepts as democracy, personal freedom and humanism. . . ."

In New York, meanwhile, at a recent meeting of the American Institute of Architects, several students from the Columbia School of Architecture rose to vilify the organization for its "lack of a sense of human decency. You have abdicated your power," one young man said, "by prostituting yourself to businessmen and you have lost the public, your constituency. Politicalize! Radicalize!"

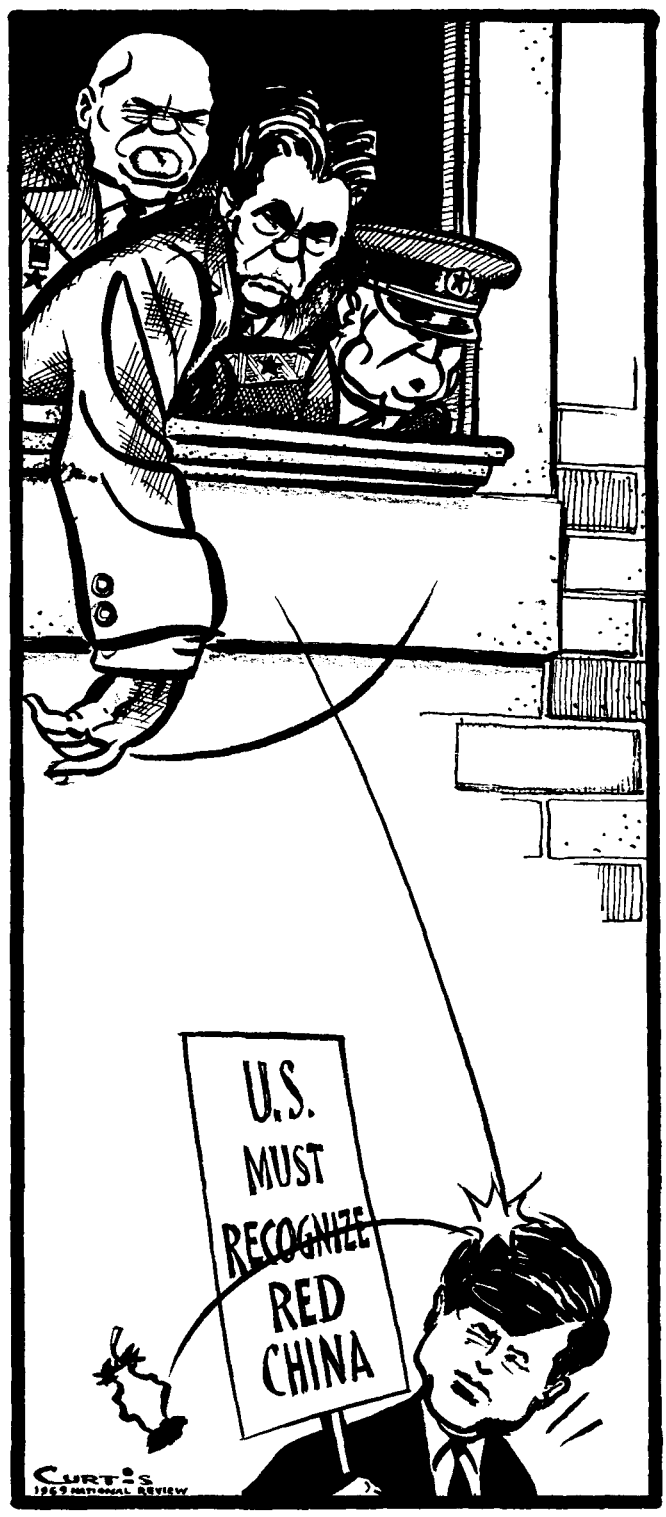
Glamour Issues

The Xerox Corporation has withdrawn 3,000 reprints of an 1895 English edition of Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes and Fairy Tales, *following a complaint that it contained anti-Jewish and anti-Negro material.*

—*New York Times*

Children everywhere, be *wary*.
Master Sprat and Mistress Mary,
Plus that frightful kid in blue,
Push a most corrupting view.
Never sit upon a tuffit.
Tell Miss Muffit she can stuff it.
(She digs segregated dives
On the roadway to St. Ives.)
Don't chant ". . . meeny, mynee, mo."
It's *sick*—like a Minstrel Show.
Shoot all mice who run up clocks!
(Mice might munch on Xerox stocks.)
Picket farmers in the dell;
They're all bigots, can't you tell?
No one plays it fast and loose
Like that racist, Mother Goose.

W. H. VON DREELE



"Bleah! Booo! Hissss!"

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Percival Goodman (brother of philosopher Paul Goodman), a practicing architect and professor at the School, scorned the assembly for its "irrelevance" in that, as a professional organization, it had neither represented nor espoused any moral or political position nor had it "fought" for any Cause. Ideologically indifferent?

The Peruvian Crisis

The Peruvian crisis demonstrates the difficulties in inflexible diplomacy. Since the crisis began in early October everything has seemed hopelessly scrambled. Peru had had an exemplary record of anti-Communism when the military junta, led by General Fernando Velasco Alvarado, overthrew Peru's liberal President Belaunde. Among General Velasco's first acts as President was the repudiation of an agreement between President Belaunde and the International Petroleum Company (a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey), which provided for transfer of the company's assets to the government, in exchange for long-term compensation. The military government agreed to pay $71 million for the property, but only after the company pays $690 million the junta insists are owing in back obligations. In the meantime Peru has been frantically rushing around trying to repair relations with the Soviet bloc and signing trade agreements with them.

Hanging over U.S. emissary John Irwin was the so-called Hickenlooper Amendment, which stipulates that if a government that seizes U.S. property fails to take "appropriate steps" to give "prompt, adequate and effective compensation" within six months of the expropriation, the U.S. is compelled by law to suspend any foreign aid to that country. Which means, in Peru, about $40 million in direct aid, in addition to $45 million, which is the value to Peru of its quota of the high-price U.S. sugar market.

Last week, two days before the suspension was to have gone into effect, Secretary of State Rogers announced an indefinite extension of the deadline, based on his interpretation that the company's recourse to some

And The Beat Goes On . . .

This week, from our great thinkers, we proudly present:

> "There are few black artists in this country (and almost no recognized ones) because art in this country up until this very moment has been the white boy's plaything. It has been a game for the milder sort of bourgeois rebel who having been brought up with a sufficiency of the world's goods has merrily opted out into a romance of idealized values where the artist is prophet, martyr and cultural hero."
>
> (Alex Gross, *East Village Other,* February 14.)

Like all those world's goods Ben Shahn owned, say, or J. Pollock, say, or even Jake Lawrence (oops, he's black, even though recognized).

But . . . next beautiful brother forward, please:

> "I think that it's a mistake, and a major mistake, to equate black antisemitism with the antisemitism which exists in Germany, in Eastern Europe, and in the Middle East. If black people had the capability of organizing and carrying out a program against the Jews, then there would be quite a bit of fear."
>
> (Julius Lester, *Manhattan Tribune,* February 15.)

Like the same sort of gas chambers, maybe? Odd reasoning, really, brother. The good blacks can't be guilty of bad antisemitism, like the bad Arabs are; how come, then, the bad Arabs are also good blacks? But let's go back to kindergarten for a moment, with Toni Cade, English teacher at the City College of New York:

> "Are there not huge numbers of students who reject Shakespeare, Joyce, James, outright—in fact, get quite nasty in class—simply because they can't afford to respect, appreciate anything white or Western. . . ."
>
> (Toni Cade, *Observation Post,* February 14.)

Like Shakespeare, Johnson, Pope, Dickens, not to mention Molière, Rousseau, Voltaire, Goethe et al., whom Miss Cade presumably collects her tax dollars to teach.

Segregation, anyone?

A final yawn, courtesy Miss Cade:

> "A brief glance at the bulletin will reveal that the English Department is still dipping out of the old Anglo-Saxon bag, the snobbism and racism of which has its roots in the Jamestown Settlement and was nourished from generation to generation by Anglophiles like T. S. Eliot, for example, who were committed to the belief that the Anglo-Saxon tradition was superior to all. . . ."

And whose major work showed that tradition just about toppling into its grave, unless revivified by the "purity and sanctity" of Oriental culture, and who didn't awfully like racist Shakespeare, and racist Joyce, anyway.

Ho hum.

And the beat goes on. . . .

(*Observation Post* is funded by CCNY! Masochism anyone?)

And on and on. . . .

But all in the same week, practically on the same day yet.

It gets a little thick. . . .

GEOFFREY WAGNER

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obscure review procedure in Peruvian law constituted an "appropriate step." The result is the effective demise of the Amendment, which was simply too inflexible an instrument to cope with contemporary complexities. The Amendment's supporters assumed that people always act in their own economic interest, and therefore the Amendment would effectively deter for all time any efforts to take advantage of us. Many of those who voted against it no doubt assumed the opposite: that we must not do anything to upset the sensibilities of foreign governments, lest it be interpreted as economic imperialism.

Both views oversimplify. The mistake was in removing from the State Department the discretion to act in each situation as each situation requires. Economic sanctions are much better applied quietly—which is impossible when things like deadlines are involved. The sanctions can always be denied, but those who are truly concerned with the economics can be made to see the economic implications of any deranged grandstand play, such as the one attempted by Peru's junta. It is possible to achieve all the objectives of the Hickenlooper Amendment, which we endorse in principle, without fueling the non-economic antagonisms.

Speaking for Themselves

In a letter to the *Times* Mr. Ronald Butt criticized the Foreign Office's "abdication of real political responsibility." Commander Anthony Courtney, in the same forum, wonders why Mr. Butt confined his criticism to England, "to the neglect of Soviet Russia? Surely," he continues, "the facts over the past twenty years speak for themselves." Wherewith he lets a dozen of them so speak. Soviet Russia is responsible for:

1. The succesful imposition of a large unfavorable balance of trade on this country.
2. A one-way flow of tendentious and untruthful Soviet propaganda, partially subsidized by the British government.
3. The skillful exploitation of highly placed traitors from within the British Foreign Office and Secret Service.
4. The operation of widespread espionage networks from within the Soviet Embassy and Trade Delegation.
5. Effective promotion of industrial unrest.
6. The establishment of a fifth column of five hundred Soviet nationals possessing varying degrees of diplomatic immunity.
7. A campaign of harassment against our diplomats in Moscow, causing the premature withdrawal of a number and the recruitment of agents such as Vassall.
8. The successful springing of George Blake from a British gaol.
9. The use of a hostage—Gerald Brooke—to force the government to ratify a consular convention which will provide the Russians with secure outposts in cities such as Liverpool and Glasgow.
10. A planned program of blackmail and subversion against British visitors to Russia.
11. A refusal by the Foreign Office to extend an amnesty to British victims of Soviet blackmail.
12. At least one successful defamation operation against a Member of Parliament who ventured to protest.

Commander Courtney concluded: "The zenith of the Russian achievement would appear to be the implanting of a feat of personal reprisal against those in public life who might dare to criticize the Foreign Office's apparent subservience to Soviet influences. Hence the continuing silence of your columns."

Our references are to the *Times,* London, of course.

The Making of a Mayor

New York's Mayor Lindsay is running scared because private polls show vast disaffection among 620,000 registered Republicans. Lindsay, who likes to play the ethnic game, is also reported to be alarmed because 35 per cent of these voters are Italian-American. This is seen as working in favor of the other two candidates, Vito P. Battista and John J. Marchi, both of whom are of Italian descent and both of whom are conservatives. Lindsay's polls show him receiving a smaller total vote than the combined votes for Marchi and Battista. So far so good. But unless conservatives line up with disaffected Republicans to support a single candidate, Lindsay will win.

There is, of course, the obvious solution. The Conservative Party has endorsed Senator Marchi, who has been in office twelve years, and for that reason deserves senior consideration. Moreover, he is heavily backed by city Republicans. Battista has it in his power to make a major contribution to the conservative cause at this

A College President Speaks Out

I now proceed to make some remarks on College government. In regard to this, the principles on which we are to proceed are very simple. As in a community, so in a college, government ought always to be regarded, not as an end, but as a means to a further end. The end of a college being educational, there should be no regulation or restraint which is not subservient to that; and when it becomes necessary to enforce those that are thus subservient, it would be treason to the cause of education not to do it at any sacrifice. If it should be necessary for this purpose to send away the half or the whole of a class, it must be done without hesitation. It is, however, always unfortunate when much comes to be said or thought about government. There should be among young men an ardor of study, a sense of propriety and self-respect, a strength of moral principle which would render government unnecessary, and cause everything to move on as it ought, spontaneously. That college is in the best state in which the least government is necessary.

—Mark Hopkins
Inaugural Address
Williams College (1836)

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From the Hip

Spring '69: The Art of Good Giving

ROBERT M. PATRICK

I'm back, ready to tell it like it was.

Here's how it was. I buzzed Bill Buckley on our old "triple can" intercom (we sure could use a new system) and said:

"Bill, I need a break. I'm stale. Tired. Rundown. Headachee—you know the feeling. How about if I took some time off; maybe see if promotion needs a hand? I might be able to dream up some new selling ideas: get out and visit the competition. See how the mass-circulation magazines do it. Or the small magazines—anything! What do you say?"

"Yes," answered Bill.

Patrick

And off I was. First thing I noticed down in promotion was that that pert Miss Whatshername has been replaced by a youngish fellow. (They tell me he's bright, but my personal opinion is that he's a mite less bright than she was. Less pert, too.) He especially liked my ideas about visiting *other* magazines, and so, after a few mornings' jogging to get the old legs in shape, I set out.

Picking on the Little Ones

I picked on the small magazines first. (Did you know that most of them are liberal? It's a fact.) They have the same problems we do—too few people, not enough money (postage alone, I find, is enough to put most small publications in the red nowadays). But if you'll pardon my saying so, I think *our* own ideas (my all time favorite is "rrriiipp out the card facing this page now and use it to introduce some friend of yours to NR!") are at least a notch above what they showed me.

So it was off to the Giants of Industry *They* do have some nifty ideas, of course, and lots of high-paid help sitting around thinking up new ones. But by far the best idea is the one which they all seem to share: get enough paid *advertising* into your magazine and you can afford almost any promotion gimmick, whether it's good or *not.*

Big Surprize Awaits Winner

I tried thinking up some "with-it" ideas myself: a game called *Merger,* the point being to buy out your partners at maximum disadvantage to them, until everyone else was reduced to peonage and you won the Big C (for Conglomerate); Taxes (I had difficulty making the instructions understandable), the winner would get a big Surprize—a 10% reduction; also a contest ("Profit of the Year") and White Stamps (with blue borders—a novel idea with that extra NR touch).

Actually, each and every one of these ideas met with a certain amount of opposition from the promotion people. And so, while all this has certainly been an educational experience for *me* (not to mention a radical change from my usual column-writing chores), I don't seem to have broken any new ground in the search for bigger and better ways to get more readers for NR. I suppose our people will just stick to *their* best idea—the one that *never* fails them—which is, to ask each of you to use the handy postcard facing this to introduce someone you know to NR today. ("Rrriiipp out the card facing this page . . ." etc. etc.)

Can't say I blame them. Especially when you consider that you can use the handy card to give a *gift* subscription too, if you want to. And, what with all those appropriate occasions coming up—Mother's Day, Graduation, Father's Day—what better gift than **National Review**? One thoughtful gift might start a lifelong interest in all the things NR stands for.

So use the card now, won't you? I kinda think you will (so many thanks). I *also* kinda think I'll stay up here and tend to my writing.

I don't think they'll really miss me down there in Promotion. (I *do* think they miss Miss Whatshername—I'll never forget her.)

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particular moment, by withdrawing in favor of Mr. Marchi.

The Bright Blue Jeep

It's a rather nice story. A young Marine lieutenant did his hitch in Vietnam as head of a pacification team that had nine villages in the Khesanh area in its charge. One thing the villagers complained about was that it had been ten years since they had been able to hold a certain religious ceremony very dear to their hearts. Our young friend decided to do something about it. He and his team wrote their families and hometown newspapers asking for contributions and gifts. His mother, an energetic lady, asked herself what happens to bargain basement clothes that don't move in that final clearance sale and betook herself to a large New York store to find out. The cigar-chomping gentleman she finally got to looked at the letter from her son, tossed it back at her with the comment: "Lady, I'm a dove." "Look," she said, "I'm not asking for charity. I just want to buy what no one else wants to buy in the way of children's clothes." No go. The cigar-chomper wanted more authority so the lady hied herself down to a Marine Corps office in New York and persuaded a reluctant corporal to write her a letter and sign it Brigadier General Whatsisname.

Back to the store. Back to the cigar-chomper who read the letter, looked at the large bins filled with dispirited clothes and started reaching into the racks and tossing more good clothes in on top—still without a word. When six bins were filled he said: "Okay lady, but how're you going to get them there?" "Don't you worry," she said. "I'll get them there." "Oh hell, lady!" So he shipped them to Vietnam, free, at the store's expense.

They arrived in Vietnam and so did lots of other packages, including, incidentally, nine jungle gyms.

On the appointed day—about six months after the campaign started—a shelter was erected of bright-colored cargo parachutes and people from the nine villages were trucked in. They held the religious ceremony. Then each of the nine headmen made a speech. Then the young American lieutenant made his speech—in halting dialect. And the Marines started passing out the gifts. Everything was going well until one Marine told the lieutenant that the man he had just given a present to happened to be the same man who had taken a potshot at him a week earlier. A couple of other Vietcong were spotted and it became clear to the young Americans that although the village elders probably hadn't invited the Vietcong members of their tribes to the feast, they certainly weren't going to tell the foolish young Americans that some of their presents were being distributed to the enemy.

The lieutenant was disconsolate. The joy had gone out of the day. He wrote his mother the whole story that night and added: "They even stole my Jeep."

Actually, they had just borrowed it. It was back, in front of his tent, three mornings later, painted a bright shiny blue. And from that day on, until his tour was up several months later, no Vietcong ever shot at the blue Jeep or its occupant. It got so he didn't even wear his helmet.

Urban Renewal

In Charleston, Ansonborough was a slum
Decaying on the Cooper. Columns sagged
And pediments were clearly out of plumb.
The borough was a quarter mothers tagged
"Unsuitable." The prudent did not stroll.
But what a treasure! Frequented by men
Who gloried in a gilded girandole,
It was an architectural Amen.
Incredibly, the past is ebbing back.
A Manigault, and then a Middleton,
Reoccupied some buildings that were black;
Held on six years; and, gloriously, won.
Unlike uprooted blacks in New York City,
The former occupants are sitting pretty.

W. H. VON DREELE

A Time for Nostalgia

Ibn Khaldun, the great fourteenth century Arab historian, concluded that it was unfortunate for a nation to have too intelligent a ruler. Such a ruler is too much removed from the state of mind of the people, sets them tasks beyond their capability, and thereby introduces confusion and discord in the land. Neither friends nor critics claimed outstanding intelligence for Dwight Eisenhower, and he was, all things considered, a remarkably successful ruler. Successful, not in the sense that his policy decisions were invariably to the best interest of the nation—some of them were calamitously wrong—but in the sheer business of ruling, a holding together in a functioning, coherent but not oppressive whole a vast, varied population spread over an enormous area.

Whatever his defects in syntax and his manifest uneasiness with any abstract thinking, Dwight Eisenhower possessed to a rare degree the art of getting people to work together—to join the team, as he would put it. This he demonstrated spectacularly as wartime commander of a complex force drawn from a dozen nations each fiercely jealous of its own prerogatives and interests. He confirmed the wartime achievement throughout his years in the Presidential office.

The feel in the air during the days of Dwight Eisenhower's majestic and often touching funeral ceremonies was altogether different from that which surrounded the funerals of John and Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King. In part this was the obvious result of the fact that the three were assassinated but the fourth died naturally at the end of a long and fulfilled life. But this is not

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enough to account for the contrast between the kind of intense mass passions that were aroused in the days following the deaths of the three and the calm, nostalgic, almost serene sadness that accompanied the Eisenhower cortege. Eisenhower was a man from a different world than today's; even the world of his Presidential years was not today's, and the world evoked by the simple hymns and religious services he had chosen and by the train moving slowly into the rural plains that were once the nation's heartland was still more distant. Together in television's global village, the nation's citizens—even the young who had never directly experienced it—looked back in those three days with an unaccustomed nostalgia for those earlier worlds in which truths were (nostalgically recalled, at any rate) simpler and firmer, in which there were neither student riots nor black violence nor the Vietnam war nor pervasive obscenity, in which—and it is surely this that explains much of the contrast between the passions and the serenity—the nation was not bitterly divided within. The two Kennedys and Martin Luther King were in their own persons intersecting points of the deep new divisions; men and women loved, adored them, and there were other men and women who hated them. Not many citizens loved or adored Dwight Eisenhower, and hardly anyone hated him; almost everyone liked him. Ibn Khaldun would have found that an admirable epitaph for a ruler.

Notes & Asides

■ The article by Professor John Greenway a couple of issues ago, in which he contended that the Indians had nothing to lose from manifest American destiny except their savagery, has brought in a gusher of mail, samples of which we publish in this issue. Incidentally, the good professor, while militantly defending his scholarship and his conclusions, wishes to make it absolutely clear that he is not responsible for the title of his piece as printed on NATIONAL REVIEW's cover. That title was: "Did the United States destroy the American Indian? No, says John Greenway, but it should have." That was hyperbole, of course, and, of course, does not represent the convictions either of Professor Greenway or of the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW. Once, years ago, introducing an article by L. Brent Bozell opposing the impeachment of Earl Warren, we remarked that Mr. Bozell "proves Earl Warren shouldn't be impeached, but maybe he should be hanged." A few months later, on the dreadful evening of the assassination of John Kennedy, we found ourselves listening to Chet and Hunt cluck-clucking about the atmosphere at Dallas, and Chunt said to Het or vice versa, well what do you expect, what with a prominent national magazine coming out for hanging Earl Warren? The other one said to this one, Well, they said it was in fun, but how can you tell, how can you tell? This one said you couldn't always tell, and they gloomed off. So . . . Seriously. Officially. Professor Greenway does NOT wish that the United States had destroyed the American Indian.
cc. Huntley and Brinkley Reports.

Otherwise, the professor is in good spirits. We sent him the letters and asked if he would care to reply to them. His answer: "I count it a great personal frustration that although St. Gildas withdrew his protective patronage from the writers of these letters long enough for them to get into print and thereby be delivered into my hands, the Hydrostatic Paradox deprives me of the pleasure of replying to them." The Hydrostatic Paradox is the survival of the American Indian against the forces that would destroy him . . .

■ From Columbia University, Graduate School of Journalism, which is where the Pulitzer Prizes are given: "Dear Miss Buckley: It is my pleasure to write this letter at the request of the panel of judges for the National Magazine Award 1969. While NATIONAL REVIEW did not formally win an award or a citation this year, the judges deemed this publication to be worthy of commendation for outstanding reporting of the national political conventions by Garry Wills. Congratulations to you and your colleagues. Cordially, Richard T. Baker, Acting Dean." We commend Columbia.

■ Mr. Jacob R. Johnson of Mountain View, California, we have never met, but in addition to being a seer, he is a philanthropist. He tied last year (with two other contestants) in the Prophet of the Year contest, and won $166.66. Which sum he returned, as a subscription to the NATIONAL REVIEW Fund, with the notation: "I might as well pledge the money you sent to me as the prize in the Prophet of the Year contest. I'll win it back in your current contest. By the way, I'm predicting that *NR* will live for a few more years. Sincerely." How can we lose with people like that?

■ Talking about nice people, add Roger Cole of Bethesda, Maryland who after a one-and-one-half-page single-spaced letter giving the reasons why he will not renew his subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW ends, "In any case, this letter is becoming too long. It has already taken enough time that it has occurred to me that despite the faults I find, there are aspects of NATIONAL REVIEW I appreciate and cannot obtain a substitute for elsewhere—so I'm enclosing both the comments and a check for renewal."

■ And talking about the Prophet of the Year Contest, we have received four thousand entries. Almost one thousand of them generously sent checks for student subscriptions. **—WFB**

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89th Congress
2nd Session

COMMITTEE PRINT

THE

"OUR PEOPLE'S UNDERWORLD MOVEMENT":

THREAT TO DEMOCRACY

DRAFT REPORT

BY THE

HOUSE COMMITTEE

ON

UNDEMOCRATIC ACTIVITIES

BENJAMIN ROSENTHAL, New York, *Chairman*
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FINDINGS

The so-called "Our People's Underworld Movement" first came to public attention around 1962, although scattered references to a number of its member groups can be found back to 1955 and earlier. The "Our People's Underworld Movement" (hereinafter designated as the OPUM) consists of nearly two hundred member groups of various sizes, with a total membership estimated at 26,000-28,000.

The OPUM, also known as "the Movement," is tightly controlled from the top. Its hierarchy contains a supreme body called "The Secretariat," whose members maintain secrecy as to their identities. It is believed that there are fifteen members of the Secretariat. Twelve of these positions are filled by the executive officers of the twelve most important OPUM groups, which are known, perhaps jocularly, as "The Dirty Dozen."

The origins and identities of the three remaining members of the Secretariat are shrouded in mystery, although it is believed that they hold dictatorial power over the OPUM. None of the three has ever been identified or photographed. Their orders to the organization filter down through a long and impenetrable chain of contacts, each "link" of which knows how to contact but one other link; apparently none of the members of the chain is known to another by sight. Despite its seemingly cumbersome nature, orders appear to move down the chain of command with lightning swiftness.

Next on the OPUM hierarchy one finds the "Council of One Hundred," consisting of one hundred (100) publications, financial bodies and other institutions of various sizes and purposes. The Council appears to have little "command" function, serving as the vehicle for the prompt execution of the wishes of the Secretariat. This execution is achieved through various activist measures designed to influence public opinion and public policy. While admittedly most of these measures appear to be non-violent in nature and within the scope of ordinary lawful dissent (letter-writing, study groups, peaceful demonstrations), it must be borne in mind that in the service of sinister ends and goals, such activities constitute a very considerable threat to the public order and well-being. Moreover, some incidents of a violent nature are thought to be associated with OPUM activities, although investigations so far have failed to establish any actionable connection: indeed, so thorough is this failure that it in itself is cause for suspicion.

Furthermore, in the opinion of the Committee the neofascist and totalitarian doctrines espoused by the OPUM membership are certain to provoke increasing violence, and it is safe to assume that the OPUM will itself become more and more violent, both in adherence to its own conspiratorial and hate-filled doctrine and in reaction to the violence it succeeds in provoking in the public.

Lowest in the OPUM hierarchy are affiliated groups with so-called "Associate Memberships" in the parent body. These are similar in function to the groups comprising the "Council of One Hundred," but have less power.

* * *

After exhaustive research and investigation, and through the testimony of undercover agents given before this committee in executive session hearings January 6-18, 1969, the Committee on Undemocratic Activities, a standing committee of the House of Representatives, has concluded that the far-flung Our People's Underworld Movement is a clear and present threat to democratic principles, to the social welfare of the people of the United States, and to the present mature structure of the United States Government. In consequence whereof, members of this committee in unanimous vote have authorized presentation of the following Resolution to the full Congress Assembled:

1) **Whereas** the coalition of organizations known as the "Our People's Underworld Movement" has shown itself to be subversive of democratic principles and potentially violent in nature; and

2) Whereas said "Our People's Underworld Movement" has the capacity to influence public policy in a detrimental fashion, so as to damage severely public confidence in the policies of the United States Government, and to injure this nation's democratic ideals; and

3) Whereas the membership of said "Our People's Underworld Movement" is growing at an alarming rate;

4) **Be it therefore resolved** by the members of Congress Assembled that said "Our People's Underworld Movement" shall be referred to the Attorney General of the United States for investigation and prosecution where applicable, and for inclusion on the Attorney General's list of Subversive Organizations;

5) Be it further resolved that said "Our People's Underworld Movement" shall be required to register as a Subversive Organization under the provisions of the Internal Security Act of 1950, as amended;

6) Be it further resolved that appropriate legislation be introduced to repress the clear and present danger posed by the "Our People's Underworld Movement."

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APPENDIX

CONTENTS:

INVESTIGATION SUMMARY

* * *

COMMITTEE EXHIBITS A - I

Presenting sample OUR PEOPLE'S UNDERWORLD MOVEMENT documents and membership lists, to show clearly the totalitarian nature of the organization and the threat it poses to Democracy.

INVESTIGATIVE REPORT

The attached documents (Committee Exhibits A-I) have undergone intensive investigation and analysis. Both the sources from which they were obtained, and high-quality corroboratory information, indicate that the documents are all genuine and representative of the OPUM.

While the documents are by and large self-explanatory, occasional notes have been appended throughout to aid in their understanding.

The danger from this neofascist coalition cannot be underestimated. Investigators on the case were uniformly struck by the totalitarianism of the group's internal lines of command and function. This finding is confirmed not only by content, but also by the extraordinary and highly professional security measures adopted by the OPUM in the transaction of its sinister activities. It can plainly be seen that an elaborate system of security classification has been relentlessly employed, that internal discipline is swift and harsh, and that the ruling groups would not hesitate to order anti-social or violent behavior.

Cover names are extensively employed, so that in some cases identifications are impossible. For a case in point, the name of "Timothy J. Wheeler" appears with uncommon frequency in a document putting forth OPUM dogma (Exhibits K 4-13). Such frequency led investigators to suspect that said person was in fact a high functionary of the group. However, investigation revealed that no such person exists. (The name was probably obtained from a tombstone of "Captain Timothy Wheeler" in a cemetery on Main Street, Concord, Mass., which is accessible to the public. The only living Timothy Wheeler is in fact a member of the National Committee of the Communist Party, U.S.A.—hardly the right person!)

Investigation will continue until all the secrets of the OPUM are revealed to the public.

COMMITTEE EXHIBIT A

1. Memorandum from The Secretariat to The Inner Twelve containing "approved list," possibly of Secretariat positions.
2. Photograph, thought to be Wallace Backer or Dailey Quarles, taken at Invisible Hand Society picnic (note weapon).

MEMORANDUM

TO: The Inner Twelve
FROM: The Secretariat
RE: 1966-68 DD terms
CLASSIFICATION: 3Y

I. The approved list is as follows:
   1. Fred Randomfactor, Director of Purges
   2. Hope Springs, Curatrix OPMAHOF
   3. Natalie Attired, Wing Leader
   4. Ida Claire, Spokeswoman
   5. Wallace Backer, Statistical Aberration
   6. Agatha H., First Facsimile
   7. Herb Garden, Second Facsimile
   8. Harold Square, First Prototype
   9. Wesley Mooch, Second Prototype
   10. Dick Strip, List Shuffler
   11. Acapulco Gold, Abbot, BRA
   12. Dailey Quarles, Cultural Attache, MMSG&CS

II. Appointments subject to revision at any time by the Secretariat

III. This is document 154-M and replaces document 88-M, which is to be de-filed and destroyed upon receipt of this Memorandum. Immediate compliance is ordered.

For the Secretariat
MMM

FEB • 68 •

COMMITTEE EXHIBIT B

1. Memorandum from The Secretariat to All Members
2. List, The Dirty Dozen
3. Stationery and ornament produced by Dirty Dozen groups.
4. List, The Council of 100

MEMORANDUM

TO: All Members
FROM: The Secretariat
RE: Approved DD Listings
CLASSIFICATION: Unclassified

I. The attached is the Approved Listing of the Dirty Dozen, with Mottoes, Identifying Remarks and Executive Officers.

II. All reference made to the Dirty Dozen by your organization must retain the

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exact wording as put forth in this Memorandum.

III. Copies will be made and posted.

IV. Receipt requested.

For the Secretariat
MMM

THE DIRTY DOZEN

Our People's Underworld Movement

The ABBEY of the BARBAROUS RELIC (BRA)
The Credo: "Build on Good Foundations; Be Self-Supporting; Rise Above the Waste; Do Away with Padded Figures and False Fronts; Seek New Dimensions; Point the Way to Greatness."

The ANTI-GNOSTIC VIGILANCE COMMITTEE
"Don't let THEM immanentize the Eschaton."

The CAPON SOCIETY (For Virile Republicanism)

FIRST EVANGELICAL AND REFORMED RAND, BRANDEN AND HOLY GALT CHURCH (Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.)

The FLAT EARTH PARTY (In Your Heart You Know It's Flat)
"Nothing to sphere but sphere itself—but WATCH YOUR STEP!"

The INVISIBLE HAND SOCIETY
"When you act through political mechanisms, men whose only purpose is to serve the public interest are led by an invisible hand to serve private interests that it was no part of their intention to serve."
—Milton Friedman

MOON MULLINS STUDY GROUP & CHORAL SOCIETY
"He [George Wallace] cares nothing for sports, books, the dance, the drama. He is a cultural Moon Mullins."—James Jackson Kilpatrick.

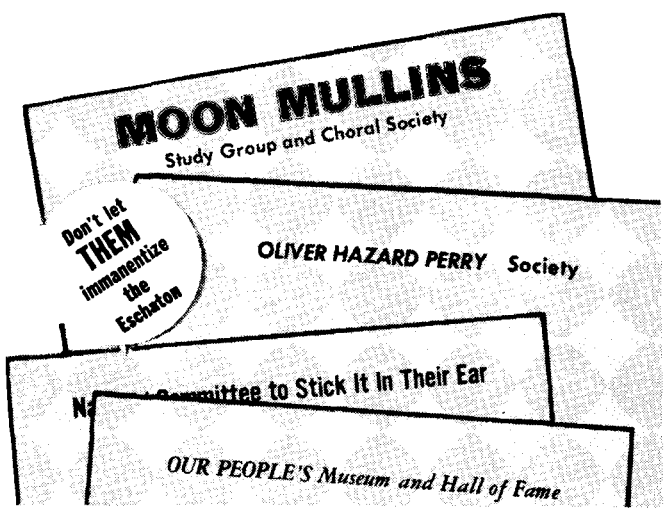
NATIONAL COMMITTEE to STICK IT IN THEIR EAR

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY SOCIETY
"I have met the enemy and **they ain't Our People!**" —Perry

OUR PEOPLE'S MUSEUM AND HALL OF FAME (Hope Springs, Curatrix)

R.E.P.E.A.L.
"When the politicians have got everything fouled up they blame it on Aunt Bessie and stick her with another tax." —Vermont Royster

The STEPHEN DECATUR SOCIETY (Founded in 1820)
"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Toast given by Decatur, Norfolk, Virginia in April, 1816


MOON MULLINS
Study Group and Choral Society
Don't let THEM immanentize the Eschaton
OLIVER HAZARD PERRY Society
Committee to Stick It In Their Ear
OUR PEOPLE'S Museum and Hall of Fame

THE COUNCIL OF 100

Our People's Underworld Movement

1. Ad Hoc Committee for Only One Crisis at a Time
2. Ad Hoc Committee to Find Out Who's Covering Up
3. All-American NAYSAYERS' WORKSHOP
4. Alliance of Libertarian Imperialists
   "Sell the streets and push the button!"—Old Hymn
   "Let them eat bullets!"—David Franke
5. American Miscellany Society
6. Anarchists' Committee to Establish Whether It Is Possible to Have a Police State with No Police
7. A.T.T.I.L.A.
8. The BEADLE BUMBLE Fund
9. British Columbia Freemen's Militia
10. California Grape Consumer Service
11. Cape Canaveral Memorial Cup Race
12. Citizens for an Undecided Vote
13. Citizens for the Domino Theory
14. The Committee of ONE MILLION (Against Public Roads and Sewage Disposal)
15. Committee to Keep Herbert Matthews 90 Miles from Our Shores
16. Committee to Neutralize the Senate Foreign Relations Committee
17. Committee to Reconsider the Articles of Confederation
18. Committee to Rethink Woman Suffrage
19. Committee to Rule Out Grey Areas
20. Committee to Stamp Out Conflict Management
21. Communist Anti-Christian Crusade
22. COUNCIL of ARMED RABBIS
23. The Credit Mobilier Investment Company
24. Creeping Socialism Review Board
25. The Dolley Madison Irregulars
26. Economic Royalism Luncheon Club
27. The Electric Fascist
28. Emergency Committee to Defederalize the Lighthouses
29. Emergency Committee to Reject the Notion that Two Half-Truths Make a Whole Truth
30. Emmaline Dauntless Dogooder Philanthropic Foundation
31. Fair Play for Cranks Committee
32. FANG and CLAWS for DEMOCRACY
33. FAT JAP ANTI-DEFAMATION LEAGUE
34. Fever Swamps of the Right, Inc.
35. The Fraternal and Benevolent Order of Hate Groups
36. Frederick Jackson Turner Memorial Home for the Incurably Eastern
37. Freedom Foyer
38. Friends of the Military-Industrial Complex
39. The HOUSE of WARBUCKS, International Bankers
40. The Impeach Earl Warren Corps de Ballet
41. The INDIANA IRON GUARD
42. INFORMED SOURCES, Inc.
43. The Joseph R. McCarthy Marching Band
44. The KOSHER NOSTRA
45. Larkspur, Roundup, Chloride and New Vistas Railroad
46. League of Outraged Taxpayers (LOOT)
47. The Lesser of Two Eagles Rent-a-Bird Franchises
48. Lester Maddox String Quartet
49. Lysander Spooner Rental Library
50. MASS MEDIA LIBERATION FRONT
51. Mature Adults for Freedom in America (MAFIA)
52. The Millard Fillmore Society (Founded 1856)
53. Milton Friedman Honorary Free Lunch Cafeteria
54. Ministry of Truth (MINITRU)
55. Mothers March on Athlete's Foot
56. National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Umbrella
57. National Committee to Horsewhip Drew Pearson
58. National Council of Churches Bar and Grill
59. National Federation of Nut Groups
60. National Our Patience with Martin Luther King's Funeral Is Exhausted Committee
61. National RIGHT to PRIVACY Committee
62. Negative Income Tax Committee
63. The Nockian Society
64. ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY, Inc.
65. The ONE HEADSTONE, ONE VOTE Pollwatchers' Squad

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66. The One-to-Five Club
"All essential business is transacted after the first, and before the fifth, drink."—Wheeler's Law of Orderly Procedure
67. OUR PEOPLE'S Buttonical Gardens
68. OUR PEOPLE'S KAMIKAZE
Is it a suicide squad? A new punctuation mark? An exotic Oriental love book?
69. The OUTSIDERS (To Fight Insiders)
70. The PONZI FUND (For Fast Capital Growth)
71. POST OFFICE LIBERATION FRONT
72. The POWER BROKERS
73. Pray for Rosemary's Baby in Your Public School Committee
74. President's Commission on Civil Tongues
75. Primogeniture Real Estate Company
76. Public School Army of Liberation
77. Radio Free Bronx
78. Reaction, Unltd.
79. The Remnant
80. St. Trinian's Support Your Local Police Sewing Circle
81. SAVE OUR SLUMS! Inc.
82. SIMPLE SOLUTIONS, Inc.
83. Social Security Liberation Front
84. SPECIAL INTERESTS
85. Standing Committee to Scoff at National Goals
86. Student Hate-Group Coodinating Committee
87. The SWEATSHOP
88. Tariffs to Restore Imperial Markets (TRIM)
"The average hourly wage for unskilled labor in any given country is equal to the price of a haircut."—George Stigler
89. Tax Resisters League
90. United Capitalist Missionaries for America
91. United Nationalists to Restore All U.S. Sovereignty (UN 'RAUS!)
92. Up the People!
93. Veterans of Ideological Wars
94. War Industries Investment League
95. WE SHALL UNDERGO
96. Westchester County Risk, Diplomacy and Middle Earth Club
"It will not do to leave a live dragon out of your calculations, if you live near him."—J. R. R. Tolkien
97. World Council of Churches Boutique
98. World War III Relief Fund
99. Young Illini United to UP CHUCK (YIUUCH!)
100. Youth Assembled to Dance the New Deal Away

COMMITTEE EXHIBIT C

Directive from "THREE" to The Secretariat, classified "4Y" (apparently the equivalent of Top Secret).

ATTENTION: THIS IS A 4Y DOCUMENT

TO THE SECRETARIAT
MESSAGE FOLLOWS:

1. CLASS B SECURITY VIOLATIONS BY FOLLOWING GROUPS CONFIRMED:
AFRICA FOR THE ANTHROPOPHAGISTS
THE COUNTER-CONSCRIPTION CORPS
COMMITTEE TO CANONIZE AYN RAND

2. CLASS C SECURITY VIOLATION BY HEALTH, EDUCATION AND WELFARE LIBERATION FRONT IS CONFIRMED.

3. THE FOLLOWING RANK 4 GROUPS ARE PROMOTED TO RANK 3 AND PLACED IN 100 COUNCIL EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.
YEAR REQUIREMENT WAIVED. ANNOUNCE TO PRESS AND ROUTE REVISED 100 COUNCIL LIST (DOCUMENT CLASSIFIED 1Y) TO MEMBERSHIP. CONGRATULATIONS:
MINISTRY OF TRUTH (MINITRU)
LARKSPUR, ROUNDUP, CHLORIDE AND NEW VISTAS R.R.
PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION ON CIVIL TONGUES

4. FOLLOWING GROUP APPROVED FOR WAITING LIST ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP:
CHEVY CHASE LEAGUE AGAINST THE POOR

5. SIX SECURITY VIOLATIONS IN PERIOD APPALLING REPEAT APPALLING. STRAIGHTEN UP REPEAT STRAIGHTEN UP. NECESSARY TO AWARD THE SECRETARIAT FOURTEEN DEMERITS.

THREE
4Y

COMMITTEE EXHIBIT D

1. "Routing Cover" from "HS/OPMAHOF" to The Secretariat (apparently HS is Hope Springs of Our People's Museum and Hall of Fame). Hand approved and forwarded.
2. Reply from "THREE" coded 3Y (secret).
3. List of "Artifacts and Displays" of the Our People's Museum.

INVESTIGATOR'S NOTE: The persons referred to in the list are real and are all associated with incipient-authoritarian Right-Wing movements, as nearly as we can establish. The museum "artifacts," however, are unintelligible.

2Y ROUTING COVER
TO SECRETARIAT FROM HS/OPMAHOF

CONTENTS: Artifact and Display List (COMPLETE LIST OF 1Y ITEMS)
Our People's Museum and Hall of Fame

HS—2Y

DOWN-ROUTE
CLASSIFICATION 3Y
MMM
MESSAGE FOLLOWS:

OPMAHOF A&D LIST APPPROVED. RED STAR YOURSELF, BEIGE STAR HS. CONGRATULATIONS.

THREE
3Y

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OUR PEOPLE'S MUSEUM AND HALL OF FAME

(Partial) List of Artifacts and Displays

Roy Cohn's first dollar
The bill Bill Buckley presented YAF after the Sharon Conference
Lester Maddox's first pick handle
Clif White's bow tie
Russell Kirk's foreign policy
Shirley Temple's dance with George Murphy
Pete O'Donnell's conduit to the CIA
Joe McCarthy's romance with Eunice Kennedy
Bill Baroody's Svengali credentials
Buz Lukens' Bible
Richard Viguerie's old Stetson
Buddy Lewis's little black book
Karl Ziebarth's outline for taking over the New York GOP
The Indianapolis hotel room where Robert Welch founded the John Birch Society on December 9, 1958 (restoration)
Suite 3505 (restoration)
Marvin Liebman's play
The underground movies featuring the Buckleys and Marvin Liebman (daily showings)
1964 Goldwater eagle which admitted you to the 14th Floor
Rat Fink songbook (unexpurgated)
Joan Didion's love letters to John Wayne
Bill Rusher's coffeetable
Rewired intercom buzzers on Bill Rusher's desk, after the great Wednesday rearrangement raid
A **National Review** Wednesday (reconstruction)
Complete list of Bill Rusher's secretaries
"Bill Buckley for editor" button worn by **NR** staffers
YAF telegram to General Walker disinviting him to Madison Square Garden rally
Moise Tshombe's visa to the U.S.
Ian Smith's visa to the U.S.
George Orwell's essay on Jim Burnham (donated by Frank S. Meyer)
Issue of the **Thunderbolt** describing Milton Friedman's notorious Communist affiliations
Student Committee for the Loyalty Oath stationery
David Franke's files
Complete documentation of The Conspiracy
Draft copy (unexpurgated) of **Terrible 1313**
Phoebe Courtney's "Communist-blood-red steak"
Nathaniel Branden's letter to Ayn Rand
Frank Meyer's Writers Union card
Copy of the program for the Marvin Liebman Testimonial Dinner
The Pumpkin Papers (unexpurgated)
The original Termite Chart, drafted by Robert Croll at the Brown County (Ind.) State Park near Nashville, Ind., at an ISI seminar featuring Richard Weaver, Milton Friedman and Frank Meyer
The McCarthy-Evjue Lectures (complete)
Prof. Voegelin's marginal note originally isolating the Gnostic menace. First draft of the lethal "Don't let **them** immanentize the Eschaton" formula
Frank Meyer's phone bill. Brent Bozell's first emergency phone call to Frank Meyer interrupting his **regular** phone call to Frank Meyer
Lee Edwards' "Public Relations Private" sign
Pat Frawley's first Papermate pen
Ed Butler's debate with Lee Harvey Oswald
The original cancer cell implanted in Jack Ruby
McCarthy's list
Myrna Bain's NAACP and White Citizens' Council membership cards
Bill Baroody's election-eve poll showing Goldwater winning
Ralph de Toledano's book, **Goldwater Republicanism—The Winning Side**
Bill Buckley's dinner at which Steve Allen endorsed the plan to nuke Red China's atomic weapons plants (reconstruction)
Noel Parmentel's Watts pants with the bullet patch. His minstrel show. His film, "Night Riders." His book for Henry Regnery. His musical about Bill Buckley. His "Toad Records." His article on Romney for **Esquire**. His appearance on the Les Crane show. His book, **Tuckerman's Nyack**. His movie about Bob Dylan. His article on Veronica Lake. His article on "Gunsmoke." His Unicorn Press. His study for the Institute for Democratic Studies
The Torch for the YAF rally
Bill Buckley's letter from Bobby Kennedy about Gore Vidal
The Conservative Book Club's unlisted phone number
H. L. Hunt's first nickel
The 100,000th dove shot by Priscilla Buckley, mounted
Stone tablet commemorating Harry Jaffa's line on "extremism in defense of liberty"
The burnt phosphorus match used by Decatur to ignite the **Philadelphia**, and other Decatur artifacts (complete separate display)
A drop of blood, a bead of sweat, and a tear, from Winston Churchill.
The loan from **The Objectivist** to the NBI
After-dinner speech by Robert Welch (7 LP's)
World's supply of unfluoridated water (pint bottle)
A piece of plaster from bedroom of U.S. Embassy in Rome used by Clare Boothe Luce
The wreath placed on Adam Smith's grave by The Invisible Hand
Russell Kirk's norms
Otto Otepka's demotion
Murray Rothbard's phobias
Bob LeFevre's call to the Sheriff
Phyllis Schlafly's points of order
An American Security Council Gen. Thomas Power comic book
SPECIAL MUSEUM WING
Marvin Liebman's organizations
SPECIAL MUSEUM WING
Marvin Liebman's lists

COMMITTE EXHIBIT E

Top Secret Directive from "THREE." Contents unclear.

INVESTIGATOR'S NOTE: This message has been forwarded to the National Security Agency for handling. It is obviously in code, but the exact nature remains to be determined.

ATTENTION: THIS DOCUMENT IS CLASSIFIED 4Y

TO: THE SECRETARIAT
MESSAGE FOLLOWS:

THE NEW CAPITAL CITY OF ATLANTIS II WILL BE ATOMISTIC HETEROPOLIS. EXPEDITE.

THREE
4Y

COMMITTEE EXHIBIT F

1. Secret-classified rebuke to Harold Randomfactor (thought to be a member of the Secretariat) from "THREE." Note authoritarian tone.
2. Artist's sketch, possibly for a poster. Note anti-democratic sentiment.

DOWN-ROUTE

HAROLD RANDOMFACTOR VIA MMM
MESSAGE FOLLOWS:

BLOODY ASS. THREE NEVER ERRS. FIVE DEMERITS.

THREE
3Y

COMMITTEE EXHIBIT G

1. Handwritten message from "M" (believed to be M. M. Morton, first name probably Melvin) to an unknown person "Henry," pertaining to the activities of this Committee.

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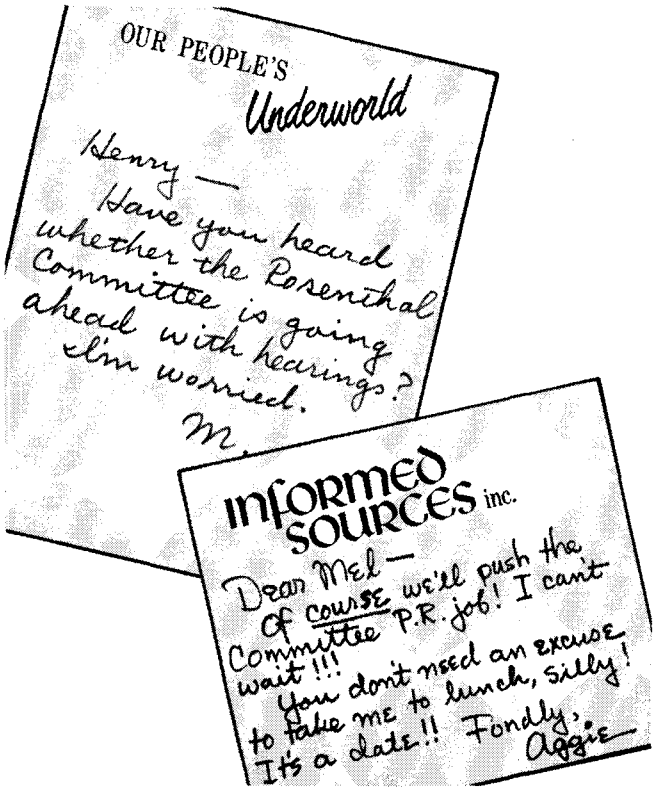
2. Message from "Aggie" (unidentified) at INFORMED SOURCES to "Mel" (probably M. M. Morton).

INVESTIGATOR'S NOTE: This material indicates a serious leak of information pertaining to confidential Committee business. The matter has been referred to the Attorney General for investigation and possible prosecution.


OUR PEOPLE'S
Underworld
Henry —
Have you heard whether the Rosenthal Committee is going ahead with hearings? I'm worried.
M.
INFORMED SOURCES inc.
Dear Mel —
Of course we'll push the Committee P.R. job! I can't wait!!!
You don't need an excuse to take me to lunch, silly! It's a date!! Fondly, Aggie

COMMITTEE EXHIBIT H

1. Release directive from "THREE" to the Secretariat.
2. Unclassified list of Associate and Pending Members of the OPUM.

DOWN-ROUTE

TO: THE SECRETARIAT
RE: APPROVED ASSOCIATE LIST FOR RELEASE (UNCLASSIFIED)
CLASSIFICATION: 2Y
MESSAGE FOLLOWS:

ASSOCIATE & PENDING LIST ATTACHED.
WIDEST POSSIBLE DISTRIBUTION NECESSARY.

THREE
2Y

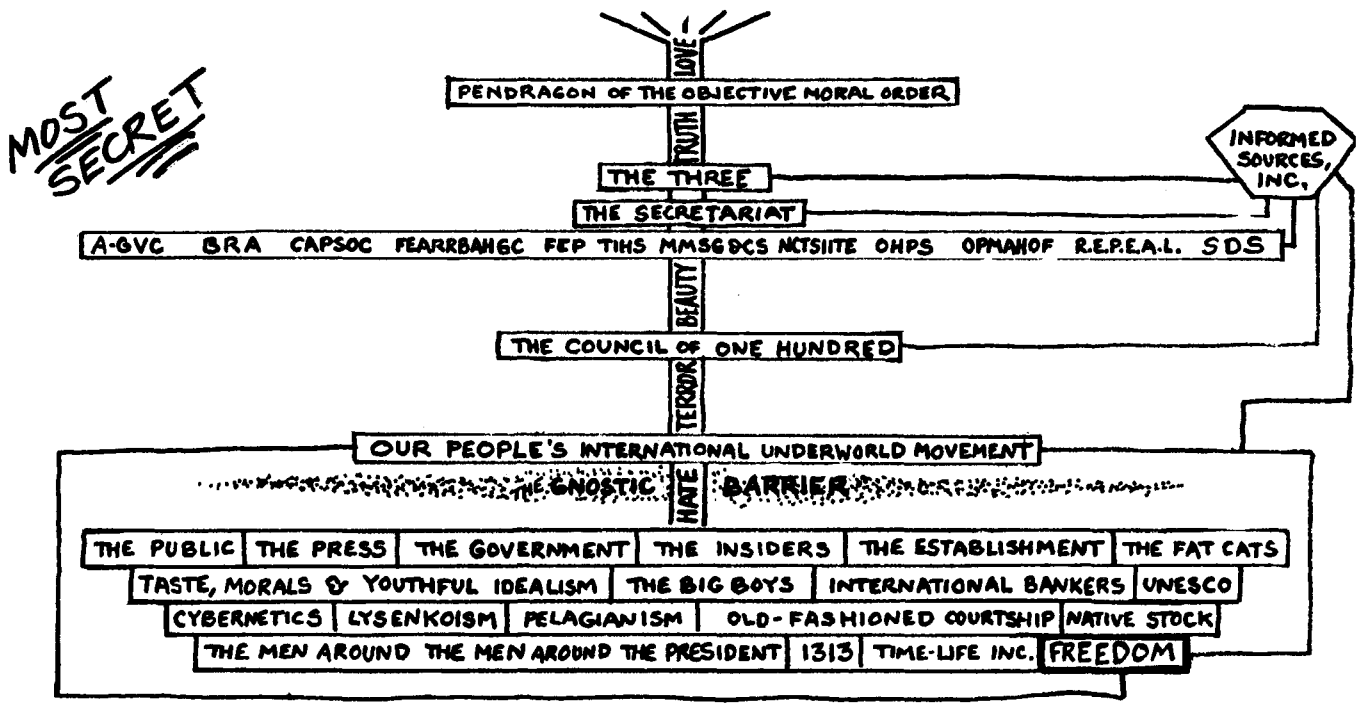
ASSOCIATE AND PENDING MEMBERSHIP
Our People's Underworld Movement

The DAMP YANKEES
The DUMP WOODROW WILSON Movement
Fellowship of Objectivist Reconciliation
The ROBBER BARON Guild
OUR PEOPLE'S Dry Goods and Trivia Shop
OUR PEOPLE'S Van Lines
Nutmeg Fondling Company
Witch-Hunters' United Front against Gun Control Legislation
The Myrdal Home for the Treatment of Incurable Meddle Illness
Survivors of the McCarthy Terror Reunion Dinner Committee
Clemency for the Greek Junta Committee
Victory Gardeners United to Ignore the Soil Bank
How Do We Know Whistling in the Dark Won't Work Unless We Try It, Inc.

COMMITTEE EXHIBIT I

Extremely important Organization Chart of the Entire OPUM, with totalitarian chain of command indicated and extreme anti-social nature of the organization obvious.

INVESTIGATOR'S NOTE: This is a copy of a copy. So far as is known, this chart of the innermost secrets of the OPUM was never circulated below the level of the Secretariat.


MOST SECRET
LOVE
PENDRAGON OF THE OBJECTIVE MORAL ORDER
TRUTH
THE THREE
INFORMED SOURCES, INC.
THE SECRETARIAT
A-GVC BRA CAPSOC FEARRBAHGC FEP TIHS MMSGDCS NCTSIITE OHPS OPMAHOF R.E.P.E.A.L. SDS
BEAUTY
THE COUNCIL OF ONE HUNDRED
TERROR
OUR PEOPLE'S INTERNATIONAL UNDERWORLD MOVEMENT
THE GNOSTIC
HATE
BARRIER
THE PUBLIC | THE PRESS | THE GOVERNMENT | THE INSIDERS | THE ESTABLISHMENT | THE FAT CATS
TASTE, MORALS & YOUTHFUL IDEALISM | THE BIG BOYS | INTERNATIONAL BANKERS | UNESCO
CYBERNETICS | LYSENKOISM | PELAGIANISM | OLD-FASHIONED COURTSHIP | NATIVE STOCK
THE MEN AROUND THE MEN AROUND THE PRESIDENT | 1313 | TIME-LIFE INC. | FREEDOM

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JAMES BURNHAM

RICHARD de NIXON, GAULLIST?

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

Most commentators discounted President Nixon's Parisian apostrophe to President de Gaulle as diplomatic bombast. Some found it fulsome almost to the point of caricature. But it may be he really meant it. At any rate, he is behaving lately rather like an admiring pupil of *le grand professeur*.

Take the four-power conference on the Mideast that got discreetly off the ground April 3. This was de Gaulle's idea, proclaimed in January. Accepting it represented a big turn in U.S. policy, and—as Tel Aviv did not hide—a direct affront to Israel. The diplomatic implications are of more than casual moment. By thus sitting down with Soviet representatives to discuss, in that small circle, the destiny of the Mideast, we are recognizing the legitimacy of the Soviet Union's drive to establish itself as a Mideast power. We complete the process of erasing Moscow's aggression against Czechoslovakia from the record. We appease de Gaulle's ego by giving him a seat at a sort of re-run of Yalta.

It is likely, however, that in both the Paris and the Washington lessons Professor de Gaulle spent most time on Vietnam. We can be sure that in this private tutoring as in his public lectures, he urged on his pupil the example of the Algerian affair. France, too, had become entangled in a sordid, seemingly endless—and terribly unpopular—war, from which the incumbent regime was unable to extricate her. He, de Gaulle, coming fresh into office in the midst of domestic discord, took the ax in his hands, cut the anchor chain and pulled away. France survived and prospered; he, de Gaulle, swept public opinion with him—and was still in office eight years later.

A wonderfully tempting prospect, all in all. And all the more so to Richard Nixon because the handling of the Korean affair by his first and primary mentor doubtless seemed a re-confirming example. In Korea, too, was not the nation stuck in a sordid, seemingly endless and growingly unpopular war from which the incumbent regime had not been able to extract it? And did not Dwight Eisenhower, freshly come into office, take the ax in his hands, cut the anchor chain and pull away? Did not Eisenhower, too, sweep public opinion with him—and himself triumphantly back into office?

Historical analogy is many-sided, as we all know. It is certainly true that a leader who puts an end to an unpopular war is likely to get a boost in his Gallup rating—for a while at least. But presumably that is not the only issue at stake in wars.

There is at least one fundamental difference between the Korean example and the Vietnam war. In the Korean war we did not win a general victory in the classic sense, but we won a limited victory within the local theater. We defeated the enemy—Chinese regulars, North Korean regulars, and guerrillas—in South Korea. The military reality did not permit us to achieve the positive goal of freeing all Korea from Communist rule, but it was sufficient foundation for a political solution that fulfilled our minimum commitment: to prevent a Communist takeover of South Korea.

We have not defeated the enemy in South Vietnam. Therefore we are not in a political position to fulfill our minimum commitment. No political solution on the given military foundation will guarantee South Vietnam against Communist takeover. The possible political solutions will only express variant routes and timing for that takeover.

The relevance of the Algerian model is also circumscribed. A pullout by the No. 1 power is not the same thing as a pullout by a junior power, just as the monarch's heart attack is not the same thing, in public significance, as a commoner's. France could not abandon Algeria without adverse consequences to the West, but these consequences were relatively minor because the United States, not France, manned the basic strategic defenses of the West. De Gaulle could get away with the withdrawal because he was sheltered by the American strategic shield.

It is not a junior but No. 1 who is entangled in Vietnam. It is the strength and will of No. 1—therefore, of the non-Communist world quite generally—that is being tested by Vietnam. There is no escaping the *Economist*'s conclusion: "It is an illusion to imagine that the United States can agree to a compromise peace that would amount to a sell-out, and retain any credibility in Asia. Nor in Asia alone; for in this shrunken world credibility is indivisible." We must add: and if the United States has lost strategic credibility, where in the non-Communist world is credibility to be found?

WITHIN the past few weeks the signs have multiplied that President Nixon's decision, as of now, is to take the Gaullist course: to pull out of ("disengage from") South Vietnam. To pull out on the best available terms but to pull out in any event. (It is hard to see how terms can be expected to be much good when you have decided in advance to settle anyway.) This is the only possible interpretation of the whole series of hints and leaks: the cut in B-52 missions, Thieu's expressed willingness to talk to the NLF and Vietcong and to accept their presence in an election, the public talk about secret talks, the rumors of early troop withdrawals, the Wall Street flurries, the planted stories. It may be that the realities of the domestic situation—including the realities of Mr. Nixon's own character and potential—rule out any sterner alternative. However that may be, let us at least hope that Mr. Nixon is not going to try to fool us about what a pullout signifies, which means he will first have to make sure not to fool himself. A defeat is a defeat is a defeat. □

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FRANK S. MEYER

CURTAINS FOR JOHN LINDSAY?

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

"New York is not America," the saying goes. It, however, the chaotic jungle of its politics, economics and social situation today is not fully typical of other American cities, it may only be because New York is just getting there a little bit faster. Granted that every city has its own peculiarities—New York above all. But, allowing for differences of economy, size, history, New York may well be a paradigm for the immediate future of urban America.

The problems of New York, of course, were not created by John Lindsay. But if some extraterrestrial forces had plotted to intensify them to the highest degree, no one they could have found or invented would have been more capable of doing so than Mr. Lindsay. This is not a matter of his personal genius. It is simply that he is the epitome of the liberalism that has created New York's problems, nursed them, and brought them to full flower.

Facing massive bankruptcy, he has done all in his power to increase welfare costs and the costs of education. Facing severe racial difficulties, he has managed to bring into existence a new and fearful conflict between Negroes and Jews. Facing civic emergencies, such as strikes, crippling snowstorms, Black Panther plots to blow up crowded centers of the city, he goes sunbathing in the Bahamas or skiing in Colorado. His solution to everything is image—all image. Striding through the streets, patting children on the head, sponsoring "happenings," he reaches his apotheosis in rechristening New York "Fun City."

While Lindsay's style may be his own, his mode of government is being repeated throughout the country. That mode of government boils down to a simple formula. Tax, tax, tax the productive citizenry, black and white; spend, spend, spend on the non-productive. It is the same formula—bread and circuses—that destroyed the civic virtue of Rome, until only the massive military power of the Praetorian Guard and the Legions remained to stem anarchy, imposing the iron rule of the late Empire. It is a formula for disaster that cannot be modified, it can only be reversed, if civilization is to be preserved.

Nor is there any great mystery as to what the content of that reversal needs to be: government directed to the protection of the producing sections of society and to the radical discouragement of non-productive parasitic existence. This does not mean that those truly incapable of work should not be helped; it does mean that work—any kind of work—must be required of those capable of it.

Certainly nothing in politics is ever so clearly stated, but this is essentially the content (on domestic matters, at least) of the revolt of the great producing majority, which in the last Presidential election registered a 57 per cent vote against Humphrey's liberalism. It may well be, at the municipal level. It will be New York, today in the vanguard of decline and decay, which will also, first of our cities, find the road to recovery. So, at least, the circumstances of this year's mayoralty tend to suggest.

The first step on the road to recovery for New York is the toppling of Lindsay. And, while it is much too early to predict with certainty, there seems to be a much greater chance of that happy consummation than anyone might have hoped a year or two ago. Further, though the defeat of Lindsay under almost any circumstances could not help but be a blessing for New York, the ideal ending of his career would be a defeat by a conservative in the Republican primary—and this is the possibility that is emerging.

Two factors converged to create this possibility. The underlying factor is the transformation that has taken place at the working level of the Republican Party during the past few years as a result of the dramatically growing strength of the Conservative Party of New York. Throughout the state, and particularly in the metropolitan area, district leaders, assemblymen, state senators are breaking loose from dependence upon the liberal state machine to adopt a much more conservative position, often in working alliance with the Conservative Party. (Without its aid, the recent cuts in the state budget could not have passed the Assembly.)

The immediate factor is the entry into the Republican primary, challenging Lindsay, of a highly respected conservative Republican legislator from Staten Island—Mr. John Marchi. He starts with a great advantage, the assured nomination of the Conservative Party with its 472,000 votes in New York City for James Buckley in the last election. This is an advantage which will cause many Republicans to give him serious consideration as a winner against the Democrats in the general election, and already in these very early stages of the campaign, Mr. Marchi has the support of a considerable number of Republican district leaders and legislators.

IT IS TRUE that the picture is still somewhat clouded by the entry into the election of the right-wing but lightweight Mr. Vito Battista. Were it not for this diversion, I would think that the odds were definitely against Lindsay. Despite this, however, Marchi's chances are high, for the Republican voters of New York City—and with them many, many non-Republicans—are in revolt against the Lindsay administration and everything it stands for. The conservative energy which has been steadily altering the balance of forces in New York may well soon be registered in a first substantial victory. The defeat of Lindsay would not only serve as an example for cities the country over, but it would also dim the *mystique* of liberal Republicanism's leading glamor boy and save the country from the possible calamity of a Lindsay drive for the Presidency. □

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CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Has It Become Cruel and Unusual?

ARNOLD W. GREEN

To try to make still another case against capital punishment may seem odd in view of what has been happening: executions have virtually ceased to take place. Throughout the United States there were none last year, only one in 1966, and in 1967, two. One of the two cases was that of Aaron Mitchell, gassed in San Quentin—the only man to be executed in California in five years. Several Episcopal churches tolled bells "in penitence for mankind."

Those bells indicate that capital punishment becomes a more serious problem as it happens with lessening frequency. The paradox is widespread. Poverty in nineteenth-century definition has been totally eliminated, but as a growing proportion of citizens enjoy more prosperity than has ever been achieved in any other time and place, poverty by any definition and however rare becomes intolerable. School dropouts, likewise, become a more serious problem as the proportion of youngsters who enter and graduate from high school mounts year by year. In these and many other instances humanitarian concern waxes at least in part because it is a luxury that can be indulged with apparent impunity. Such things, we are told, should not, must not, be.

Manipulating Pathos

Most citizens, nevertheless, remain quite self-divided on one issue, capital punishment, more so than are prelates, journalists, academes, former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark (who has publicly stated his opposition), the American Civil Liberties Union, federal courts and various state Supreme Courts. At this writing, for example, California has a Death Row population of 83, not one of whom is likely to be executed, because the recent Supreme Court ruling that capital punishment is constitutional was equivocal in the extreme.

But meanwhile the California trial courts continue to send convicted murderers to Death Row. On the other hand, while voters will not support a legislature that would abolish capital punishment, each execution of a specific individual arouses so much public abhorrence, or at least publicized abhorrence, that the hands of those who would abolish capital punishment in a de facto way are strengthened. The U.S. Supreme Court is confidently expected in some quarters to abolish capital punishment in the near future. If this happens, on balance the public reaction is likely to be favorable.

On this issue the general public is self-divided, but not the molders of public opinion. They argue without qualification that capital punishment does not deter from murder—about which more below. They plead the sanctity of human life, with selective commitment. The sanctity of human life is a slogan for manipulating pathos only for the murderer, and not for his past and potential victims, faceless and dull people all. The murderer is to be protected from a vengeful "society," which was responsible for what he did.

A determined minority can always browbeat a confused and uncertain majority. Minority social-reform zeal and not public demand is responsible for the present situation in which the death penalty has been abolished or restricted to a small class of cases in thirteen American states. In most of the Western world the trend has been similar.

Nevertheless, and because most people on this issue react in personal and concrete terms more than they endorse the determined minority's abstract principles, the trend has by no means been a straight line. Ireland abolished the death penalty early in 1964, with one exception—the assassination of a head of state or visiting head of state. The murder of an American President of Irish descent was fresh in memory. In April of 1965 the West German Bundestag was discussing a proposal to reinstate the death penalty—abolished in 1949—following a wave of cab-driver murders.

Ten states in this country which once abolished the death penalty have in recent years reinstated it. In every case the precipitant was a specific murder, or series of murders. For example, in March of 1965 Governor Branigin of Indiana vetoed an abolitionist legislative bill—four days after a state trooper was shot to death. His office had been deluged with letters which urged that action.

Abroad and at home, the public when questioned opt for retention of the death penalty. A 1966 Gallup poll in England disclosed that 70 per cent opposed an anti-hanging bill, with 23 per cent in favor and 7 per cent undecided. In that same year the *Christian Herald* in this country polled 13,500 of its Protestant church-member readers: 64 per cent answered Yes to "Is the death penalty ever morally justifiable?", 32 per cent said No and 7 per cent were undecided. Of the total number, 61 per cent affirmed the belief that "the death penalty is a deterrent to crime."

Shifting Identification

Can one say, then, that about two-thirds of the general public in Great Britain and in this country stand in favor of capital punishment? Probably not. Many of those who so declared, or declared otherwise, were presumably reacting to the last concrete image in mind of a specific murder, or execution, with that ambivalence and shifting identification which is—except possibly for ideologues—the human condition. Very likely a larger proportion than the 7 per cent who in each instance were undecided felt like the woman who answered a newspaper's "Inquiring Photographer" question, Should we vote on the death penalty?, thus:

"Yes, I certainly think we should. It's so barbaric I think it should be abolished. But one recent crime was so bestial I don't think the perpetrator should be allowed to live—and I hate to think I'm contributing to his support in prison."

Various studies consistently show that an overwhelming majority of the adult population believe our courts do not deal rigorously enough with criminals. But other studies show that this attitude tends to break down, in favor of dealing gently, when a specific defendant is under consideration. Identification easily shifts between culprit and

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authority, between defendant and judge; identification with the victim is invariable when *he* is pictured as pitiable, and identification with the accused is almost as certain when *he* is pictured as pitiable. Our molders of public opinion have stacked the cards in favor of even "bestial" murderers. Only criminals are pitiable.

The human being, like any other social animal, has an innate tendency to maintain order. Like other social animals, too, he can turn renegade. But unlike the others, his "reason" is vulnerable to appeals which can confuse and even temporarily paralyze his will to act. For several years academes, pundits, psychiatrists, clergymen and other vocal humanitarians have been proclaiming the purity of indiscriminate compassion. Anyone who argues the necessity for punishment, not excepting capital punishment, and who expresses concern about the present and potential victims of criminals must face those who have firmly registered their moral superiority. Who wants to be one of those about whom a psychiatrist wrote recently in a scholarly journal: "Beware of the man of complete unquestionable virtue, the upstanding self-righteous citizen, who for all creatures of weakness has one general attitude: 'Give 'em hell.'" Citizens of this kind, the behavioral scientist continues, "are the villains who make our laws, and we are the suckers who live by them, knowing no better."

Some of those creatures of weakness in this country commit something on the order of 10,000 murders a year. The favored argument against executing those very few murderers who are apprehended and tried is the supposed failure of capital punishment to deter others. The non-deterrence theme is sophistical on two counts. In usual expansion, the theme compares murder rates between two states, one with capital punishment and the other without, or compares the same state when the provision was in effect and an earlier or later like period when it was abolished. These numerical comparisons, true enough, appear to vary almost at random. But they do not prove that the death penalty fails to deter, only that the death penalty when uncertainly, capriciously, or not at all applied even in those jurisdictions which formally retain it, fails to deter.

Legal Limbo

More important, the effectiveness of any social measure cannot be assessed in isolation. Its success or failure is the result of the total context in which it occurs. The turn of the century, for example, was a different moral universe from ours. Definitions of right and wrong were more clearly enunciated and commonly shared. To the extent that right and wrong now become viewed as "relative" matters, that "society" or some other fictive entity is charged with culpability, then the right to punish is itself brought to question.

Punishment, including capital punishment, can be conscience-clear, and thus rigorous and in turn effective, only when definitions of right and wrong are clear and more universally upheld than is now the case. Deplorable and unattractive as self-righteousness in many particulars unquestionably is, it nevertheless is an absolute requirement for making punishment of any kind legitimate, because it restricts both the feeling and expression of sympathy for them (whoever they might be) and us. The sense of righteousness in punishment has been undermined by a sentimentalized egalitarian drift: Since rules of any kind in their essence are exclusionary, the will to enforce rules of any kind is softened.

Why should anyone be executed, no matter what he does? This notion is of one piece with: Why shouldn't a married ex-priest be permitted to celebrate Mass? Why shouldn't anyone anywhere be allowed to do his own thing? And if someone doesn't like that thing, who is to blame anyhow? Everyone, which is the same as no one, it turns out. A sentimentalized egalitarian drift thus spreads a vague collective guilt for what at one time was known as wrongdoing, makes citizens in large numbers at least state in public that *we* must assume responsibility for this or that for which *we* may have no conceivable responsibility, including the murder of one man by another.

Punishment, according to the French sociologist Emile Durkheim, is a social reaction which expresses the intensity of the sentiments that have been offended by the commission of crime. These sentiments diminish when offenses against them go unpunished. In his outlook, whether punishment reforms criminals or deters potential criminals is a secondary issue; the primary function of

(Continues on page 398)

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LETTER FROM LONDON

The Anguilla Caper

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT HAS, I think, been genuinely surprised and pained by the universal derision which the invasion of Anguilla provoked; Harold Wilson had expected rather to be congratulated on taking such firm but humane action. This government, living as it does in an ivory tower of self-esteem, really is astonishingly incapable of foreseeing the consequences of its own actions.

In Britain itself derision is tinged with anger because people felt that their country has been made a laughing-stock. One acid-tongued Conservative Member of Parliament congratulated Mr. Wilson on having at last taken on somebody his own size. And the *London Evening Standard* had a nice cartoon of Mr. Wilson as a heavily armed paratrooper, proclaiming "Anguilla today, tomorrow the world."

The facts, or alleged facts, which persuaded the British government to launch its extraordinary invasion continue to be obscure. But no subsequent justification could acquit the government of gross mishandling.

The original mistake, of course, lay in trying to force Anguilla and St. Kitts together. That the Anguillans didn't want to be tied to St. Kitts was made perfectly plain from the start, but the British government, for the sake of administrative convenience, chose to ignore such awkward foibles. Ugly stories soon began coming out of St. Kitts about the behavior of the Prime Minister, Robert Bradshaw, who set up his own secret police and proceeded to maltreat, imprison and finally deport a number of British citizens living on the island. Again the British government ignored the complaints, on the grounds now that it couldn't interfere in the domestic affairs of an independent Federation. The Anguillans thereupon chased Mr. Bradshaw's policemen off the island, hoisted the Union Jack and asked to rejoin the old-style British Empire. But the new-style British government wasn't having any of that. Oh dear, no.

Then followed two years of nothing very much—except a threat by the genial Mr. Bradshaw to turn Anguilla "into a desert." Nothing very much on the surface, at least. What may have been going on out of sight, who may have been casting greedy—or even benevolent—eyes on that tiny island, is matter for controversy. So the Lilliputian crisis simmered, until at last a British Minister, Mr. Whitlock, arrived to tell the islanders that the Great White Queen still cared for them and unasked-for help was on the way. Within hours, in circumstances as obscure as so much else in the affair, he fled. "I'm convinced," he says, "that, if I hadn't gone then, I would never have left alive."

Believe that or not as you like. But Mr. Whitlock's story was too much for the British government's pride. Anti-imperialists though Mr. Wilson and his Socialist colleagues are in theory, their style, when they thought they could get away with it, has always inclined to a certain imperialistic bluster. So they resorted, thereby outraging many of their own supporters, to gunboat diplomacy.

A squad of imperturbable London police, specially trained as these were to deal with gangsters, and led by the gloriously comic figure of Assistant Commissioner Andrew Way, is certainly much better than the tanks and bayonets which some governments would have used. But why, except out of pure panic, accompany them with frigates, helicopters and paratroops?

It was the action of a tired, groggy, fundamentally stupid, government. But there's more to it than that. The whole episode reveals how unrealistic, how totally lacking in honesty, is the attitude both of the British government and of its critics towards the post-imperial situation.

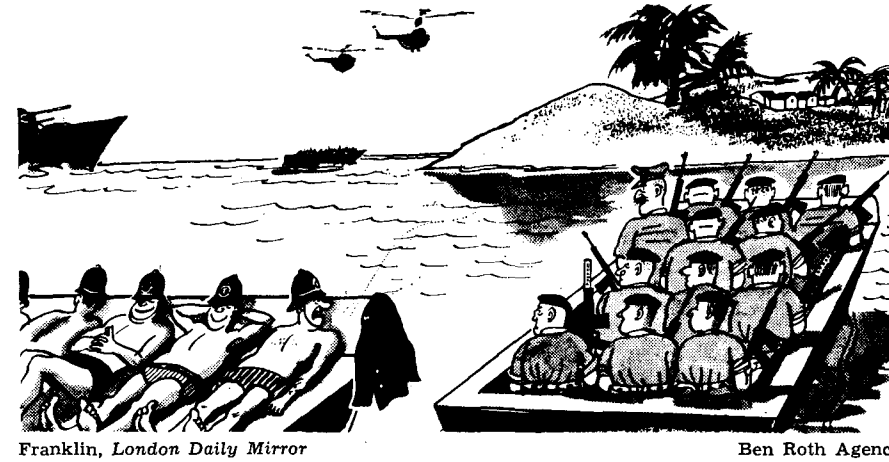
To say that "gunboat diplomacy is out of date" means nothing. Gunboats are never out of date—ask the Russians—provided you've got bigger gunboats than the other fellow. (The Afro-Asians are doing Mr. Wilson an injustice. The difference between Anguilla and Rhodesia, in his eyes, isn't that the Rhodesians are white but that they're tougher.) Both the American State Department and the Opposition leaders in Britain have been subdued in their criticism over Anguilla because they realize that there could be a genuine defense problem which would justify the use of gunboats. The string of islands between Puerto Rico and Trinidad constitutes a potential fuse linking Castro's Cuba with Latin America. They must, therefore, be kept free from anarchy and subversion.

BUT THAT ISN'T THE EXCUSE the British government gave. Instead, the invasion was supposed to be for the Anguillans' own sake—to rescue them from some vague commercial or gangster threat to their simple happiness.

In their haste to be rid of the Empire, successive British governments paid no real attention to the likely fate of the inhabitants, let alone to minority groups among the inhabitants, once the Union Jack had fluttered down.

Hence the farce of Anguilla—and uncounted tragedies around the world.

The Anguillans will probably now get what they want—some new form of government, free from control by St. Kitts. But there will be other, more dangerous, Anguillas, perhaps in the Caribbean, certainly elsewhere. □



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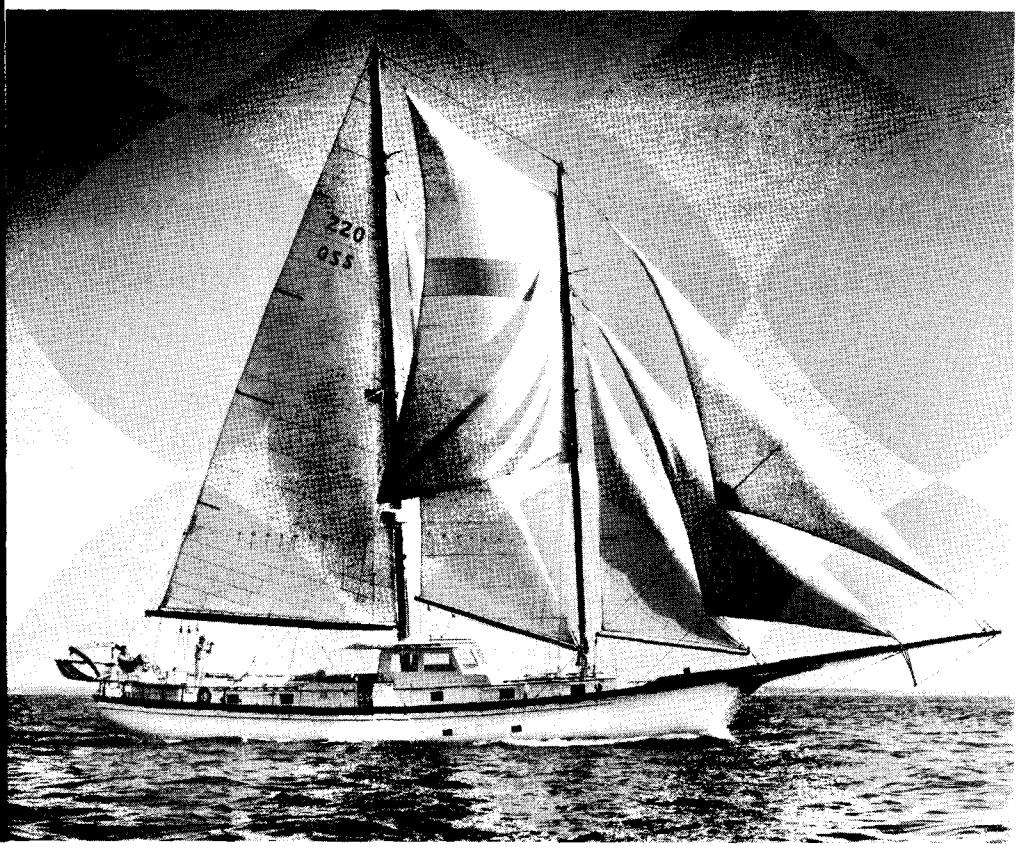

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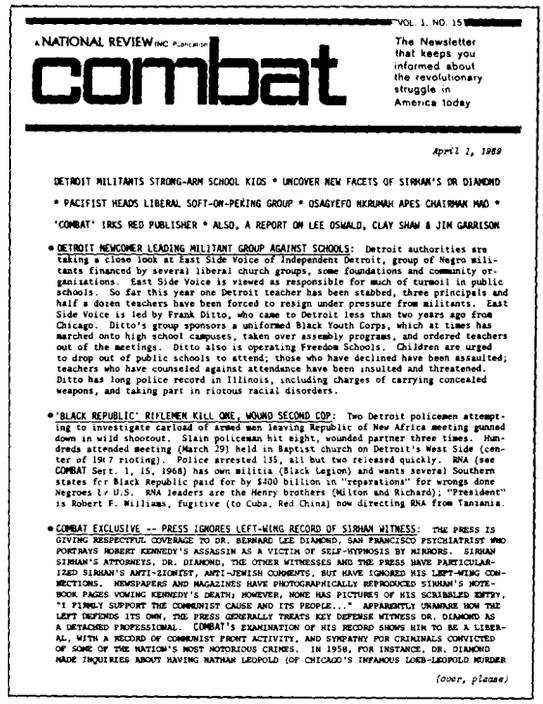

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April 1, 1969

DETROIT MILITANTS STRONG-ARM SCHOOL KIDS * UNCOVER NEW FACETS OF SIRHAN'S DR DIAMOND * PACIFIST HEADS LIBERAL SOFT-ON-PEKING GROUP * OSAGYEFO HKRUMAH APES CHAIRMAN MAO * 'COMBAT' IRKS RED PUBLISHER * ALSO, A REPORT ON LEE OSWALD, CLAY SHAW & JIM GARRISON

• DETROIT NEWCOMER LEADING MILITANT GROUP AGAINST SCHOOLS: Detroit authorities are taking a close look at East Side Voice of Independent Detroit, group of Negro militants financed by several liberal church groups, some foundations and community organizations. East Side Voice is viewed as responsible for much of turmoil in public schools. So far this year one Detroit teacher has been stabbed, three principals and half a dozen teachers have been forced to resign under pressure from militants. East Side Voice is led by Frank Ditto, who came to Detroit less than two years ago from Chicago. Ditto's group sponsors a uniformed Black Youth Corps, which at times has marched onto high school campuses, taken over assembly programs, and ordered teachers out of the meetings. Ditto also is operating Freedom Schools. Children are urged to drop out of public schools to attend; those who have declined have been assaulted; teachers who have counseled against attendance have been insulted and threatened. Ditto has long police record in Illinois, including charges of carrying concealed weapons, and taking part in riotous racial disorders.

• 'BLACK REPUBLIC' RIFLEMEN KILL ONE, WOUND SECOND COP: Two Detroit policemen attempting to investigate carload of armed men leaving Republic of New Africa meeting gunned down in wild shootout. Slain policeman hit eight, wounded partner three times. Hundreds attended meeting (March 29) held in Baptist church on Detroit's West Side (center of 1967 rioting). Police arrested 135, all but two released quickly. RNA (see COMBAT Sept. 1, 15, 1968) has own militia (Black Legion) and wants several Southern states for Black Republic paid for by $400 billion in "reparations" for wrongs done Negroes by U.S. RNA leaders are the Henry brothers (Milton and Richard); "President" is Robert F. Williams, fugitive (to Cuba, Red China) now directing RNA from Tanzania.

• COMBAT EXCLUSIVE -- PRESS IGNORES LEFT-WING RECORD OF SIRHAN WITNESS: THE PRESS IS GIVING RESPECTFUL COVERAGE TO DR. BERNARD LEE DIAMOND, SAN FRANCISCO PSYCHIATRIST WHO PORTRAYS ROBERT KENNEDY'S ASSASSIN AS A VICTIM OF SELF-HYPNOSIS BY MIRRORS. SIRHAN SIRHAN'S ATTORNEYS, DR. DIAMOND, THE OTHER WITNESSES AND THE PRESS HAVE PARTICULARIZED SIRHAN'S ANTI-ZIONIST, ANTI-JEWISH COMMENTS, BUT HAVE IGNORED HIS LEFT-WING CONNECTIONS. NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES HAVE PHOTOGRAPHICALLY REPRODUCED SIRHAN'S NOTEBOOK PAGES VOWING KENNEDY'S DEATH; HOWEVER, NONE HAS PICTURES OF HIS SCRIBBLED ENTRY, "I FIRMLY SUPPORT THE COMMUNIST CAUSE AND ITS PEOPLE..." APPARENTLY UNAWARE HOW THE LEFT DEFENDS ITS OWN, THE PRESS GENERALLY TREATS KEY DEFENSE WITNESS DR. DIAMOND AS A DETACHED PROFESSIONAL. COMBAT'S EXAMINATION OF HIS RECORD SHOWS HIM TO BE A LIBERAL, WITH A RECORD OF COMMUNIST FRONT ACTIVITY, AND SYMPATHY FOR CRIMINALS CONVICTED OF SOME OF THE NATION'S MOST NOTORIOUS CRIMES. IN 1958, FOR INSTANCE, DR. DIAMOND MADE INQUIRIES ABOUT HAVING NATHAN LEOPOLD (OF CHICAGO'S INFAMOUS LOEB-LEOPOLD MURDER

(over, please)

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LETTER FROM ROME

The Case of the Cautious Communists

THOMAS J. BARBARIE

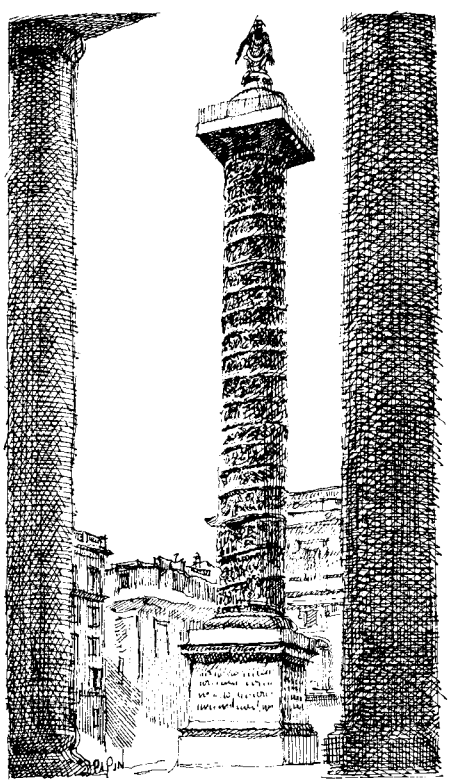
A-P-O-L-L-O-N. Seven women formed the first rank of the marchers. Each held a large blue card with a gold letter written on it. Together the cards spelled out a word which, if not puzzling to most Italians (a small-scale survey convinced me that it *is*), would certainly halt most foreigners in their tracks. Each of the women was middle-aged and respectable in appearance. A car with a loudspeaker on the top kept playing a song over and over to arouse the marchers' spirits for the long walk. Fifty thousand pairs of feet shuffled away from the Colosseum on the morning of December 5, their destination the Piazza San Giovanni in Laterano. The Italian government was in one of its periodic crises and the Left marched in a carefully measured show of strength.

In the preceding week, worker-police clashes throughout the country had erupted into bloodshed—including two fatalities. Tensions ran high in the capital as the day of the general strike arrived.

The group that worked its way down the Via Labicana was ostensibly a left-labor coalition, the sort of people whom David Dubinsky would recognize as his own. As the ranks took shape, the placards carried by many were innocent to an extreme: Who would see a revolutionary under a sign proclaiming "Small Shop Owners United Against Injustice"? Further back, inconspicuously placed—but with the enthusiasm market cornered—came the youngsters with their pictures of Lenin, Stalin, Ho Chi Minh and Mao Tse-tung; his, with the inscription "To Serve the People." Three months earlier, the mood in Rome had been quite different: mobs from the *Movimento Sociale Italiano* (neo-fascist) marched. The Red flag was not held aloft but was dragged through the streets by the scruffy groups that, whatever their shortcomings, were, to their credit, moved by the plight of the Czechoslovakians. But the anti-Communist heat of the summer had given way to this that left the symbol of Ancient Rome to gather at the seat of the Bishop of Rome.

After the strong outcry which followed the invasion of Czechoslovakia, Italian Communists lay low for over a month. By the first of October, however, manifestos began to appear on buildings advising the people of Rome that on the sixth of that month there would be a Communist rally at the Campo dei Fiori, a large piazza located one block from the French Embassy—a district most hospitable to the Reds, in fact, the seat of Party offices and *L'Unita,* the Communist paper.

The demonstration, though an artistic disaster, was an important step in the comeback of Italian Communism. The timing, six weeks after the shock of Soviet armor rumbling through a nearby country, was designed to test whether



the public conscience was sufficiently numb to permit expression of Communist strength without counter-demonstration. Trucks loaded with crack carabinieri sat parked unobtrusively in the Piazza Farnese—a scant fifty yards away. They needn't have been there. There was no opposition, and there under the statue of Giordano Bruno the Communists reviled Lyndon Johnson and sang songs of revolution. The attendance was only about one thousand, but the probe had worked. The coast was clear.

When North Africa fell with the French pullout, it made obvious to anyone with access to a map of the world the lay of the new battle lines. Now 45 Russian naval ships ply the waters that lap the shores of southern Europe. Each labor disturbance in Spain, every "student" demonstration in France or Italy, every pearl of wisdom dropped by Melina Mercouri is a warning to the West that the war, the existence of which so many try to deny, is raging more fiercely than ever, and that any realistic appraisal of it (from which appraisal sound strategy depends) would be forced to the conclusion that the long-term situation is not merely poor, but possibly desperate.

THE COMMUNISTS, while ritualistically denouncing the formation of the new government of Mariano Rumor, actually played their hand down somewhat. The general strike of December was an example of Red cautiousness. The driving force in the one-day shutdown was clearly the PCI. But what was essentially a Communist affair was hidden behind the skirts of seven women with the blue and gold APOLLON signs. APOLLON is the Italian equivalent of the Big Six—a typographers' union. Right behind them in the march was AETERNUM, a textile workers' union. The casual observer could easily have been convinced that the fifty thousand were truly a coalition into whose midst swooped a few alienated Mao-birds. But the song that kept blaring from the loudspeaker on the top of the lead car was a familiar one to ears that had heard it before at Communist Party rallies. Over and over it repeated the message: this was a Communist party. All the field generals, those who called the signals—"All right, troops. Move out! Close it up over there on the left!" wore little red lapel pins. I have subsequently run into these same men at local Party headquarters. Too, there were times when all pretense was dropped, such as the point when a man leaned from a fourth-floor window and waved the Red flag bedecked with hammer and sickle as the marchers trooped below. He was greeted with a thunderous cheer of approval.

Labor in general cooperated—to a

(Continues on page 401)

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Hemingway: Sunlight and Night-Face

JEFFREY HART

On trouve au fond de tout le vide et le néant. —Eugénie de Guerin

In a famous passage in *Death in the Afternoon* Hemingway remarked that "the dignity of movement of an iceberg is due to only one-eighth of it being above water," and he intended this as a comment upon his own writing, where much of the meaning is beneath the surface, its power and complexity standing in marked contrast to the simplicity, indeed often the slightness, of the story itself. In writing a story, he said, "you could omit anything if you knew that you omitted, and the omitted part would strengthen the story and make people feel something more than they understood."

This technique, when Hemingway could manage it successfully, is in large part responsible for the uncanny power of his best work, for those images which remain in the mind and seem to point to the depths of things; but it is a difficult and demanding technique too, responsible for the slowness with which he characteristically wrote, and for the mental exhaustion writing entailed. When he was first developing his style in Paris during the early 1920s, as Carlos Baker informs us, it took him four months of effort to write six satisfactory sentences. At his peak he seldom wrote more than a couple of hundred words a day.

Some analogous theory of expression seems to inform Carlos Baker's prodigious new biography of Hemingway. But first, the book is prodigious: prodigious in the research that went into it, for example. At the end of the volume a hundred pages of closely printed notes discuss the sources of the information presented in the previous lucid narrative, and these notes themselves are a mine of further valuable information. Baker modestly says that he is indebted to "hundreds" of men and women for their assistance and for their recollections of Hemingway: hundreds, indeed!—after the notes there comes a list of some thousand individuals with whom Baker corresponded and conferred.

This effort has been richly rewarded. Baker is able to reconstruct Hemingway's life, sometimes, it seems, on a day-to-day basis. "If Ernest Hemingway," he says, "is to be made to live again, it must be by virtue of a thousand pictures, both still and moving, a thousand scenes in which he was involved, a thousand instances when he wrote or spoke both publicly and privately of those matters that most concerned him. . . . If all the pictures are not here, there may still be enough of them for the reader to work with as he attempts to comprehend the phenomenon of Ernest Hemingway."

HERE IS WHERE Baker's theory comes in, suggested by his word "pictures." We see Hemingway in this book, and we overhear his conversation. All, or at least a great many, of the pictures are here, and they are colorful indeed —from Hemingway's boyhood on through the war and the early days in Paris, the years of success and renown, the multiple marriages, the hunting and fishing, Spain, the bully-boy exploits in World War II, the decay of his powers, his illness and suicide. The pictures are precise and clear, right down to that day when, dressed in his red bathrobe, he rested the stock of the shotgun on the floor, placed the barrels against his forehead, and blew the top of his head off. But do the pictures enable us to "comprehend the phenomenon of Ernest Hemingway"?

Ernest Hemingway
By Carlos Baker
Scribner's, $10

Baker clearly made a key decision in writing this book. He would allow the surfaces to imply the depths. If he could assemble enough "pictures" the reader would sense the inner truth, the seven-eighths of the iceberg which was below the surface. And so he is ruthlessly objective. He avoids, for the most part, interpretive comment, and he avoids any overt attempt to express the experience behind the pictures.

But above all he does not allow the fiction to comment upon the external reality of the life. I do not mean, of course, that he ought to have undertaken a "biographical" interpretation of the fiction, much less that he should have read the adventures and feelings of the fictional characters back into the life. And I do not mean that he ought to have included literary criticism, repeating what he had written in another book. But as you read this biography (and for all of its undoubted interest) there is a strange lack of congruence between the outer life and the inner psychological reality. Baker shows us, for example, the young Hemingway in Paris after the war writing his early stories and his first novel, having various adventures, going to Spain, getting divorced and re-married. But his fiction of that period has a haunted quality; it is preoccupied with death, suffering, nothingness, homosexuality, impotence, meaninglessness and psychic trauma.

How relevant all this is to biography may be discerned in the inadequacy of Baker's interpretive noun "irascibility" in the following minor incident. While

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Hemingway was correcting the galley proofs of *Death in the Afternoon* he noticed an identifying line of type at the top of each page: "Hemingway's Death." Baker records:

> As he knew perfectly well, it was only typesetter's shorthand for the full title. But his irascibility was such that he chose to make an issue of it. "DID IT SEEM VERY FUNNY TO SLUG EVERY GALLEY HEMINGWAY'S DEATH," he wired Perkins, "OR WAS THAT WHAT YOU WANTED?" Next day he wrote that he would like to break the neck of the punk who was responsible. For one who was superstitious to start with, it was a hell of a damn dirty business to stare at those two words a thousand times while reading the proofs. In the latest "filthy batch" some nameless nincompoop had even written out the offending words in red and purple ink. If he died in the midst of his proofreading, Perkins' goddamned typesetter would be to blame.

Irascibility! Hemingway's fiction is centrally concerned with death, which it faces as a culminating negation. How may one best face the negation is the question the work desperately asks. The very book he was working on, correcting its proofs, was about death, and the paradigmatic way the bullfighter faces it. Indeed, it is fair to say that Hemingway was born as a writer when he had the fact of his own mortality unforgettably impressed upon him when he was wounded in Italy during World War I. As a writer, he circled around and around that wound and all it meant. And so "irascibility" is inadequate as a biographical comment; and this failure has a representative character for the book as a whole. All sorts of manic behavior receive a similar kind of comment: "For all his six-foot stature . . . Ernest was still a boy."

RATHER, HE LIVED HIS LIFE on the edge of a trauma. As Malcolm Cowley has said, he was a haunted and nocturnal writer, akin in this to Hawthorne and Melville. He was a lot like Picasso's painting of a woman looking into a mirror—one face full of sunlight and health: Hemingway the fighter, drinker, humorist, fisherman, hunter. But the other face, the night-face, terribly different, haunted by death, terror, meaninglessness, the void. This second face doesn't quite get into Baker's biography, and, without it, much in the behavior described remains incomprehensible—his odd, tortured relationship with Scott Fitzgerald, his desperate epicureanism, his solitariness, his physical and psychic expatriation.

Still, this does remain a prodigious book, full of all kinds of information about Hemingway. Take his four wives, for example. On Baker's showing, which is convincing, Hemingway was oddly passive. He loved Hadley, his first wife, and never ceased to love her. Yet he allowed Pauline Pfeiffer, his second wife, to take him over. She pursues and wins him; and her money plays an important role in the matter. Then, almost against his will, he found himself marrying Martha Gellhorn; and when the disastrous nature of this connection became manifest, he fell, as it were, into the waiting and capable arms of Mary Welch. After the first marriage he himself seems to have had little to do with willing these transactions. One takes another look at those dominating, castrating women in his fiction.

Baker also has interesting things to say about the way in which intense pressure from left-wing critics forced Hemingway to become political during the 1930s, beginning with *To Have and Have Not*: a politicalization which went against the grain of his solitary vision.

Much of Hemingway's Don Juanism was daydream and idle boast. He did not, for example, have intercourse with the nurse in Milan who was the model for Catherine Barkley. In deed, if not in word, he was actually very reticent.

Everywhere you turn in Baker there are interesting details. When Hemingway was attacked for primitivism and brutality, for example, Evelyn Waugh came forward to defend him as a writer of "decent feeling" "with an elementary sense of chivalry—respect for women, pity for the weak, love of honor." And when you reflect on it, there are indeed affinities between Waugh and Hemingway, though at first this does not seem likely.

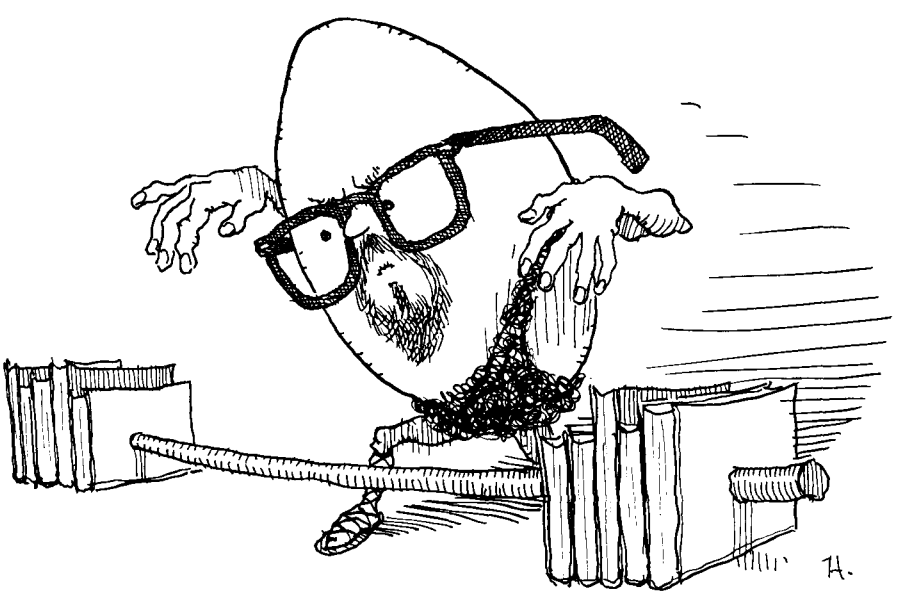
Well, Baker's Hemingway *is* a prodigious book, and it will receive its share of prizes this year—a National Book Award or a Pulitzer—and it will deserve them. □

Obsolete Communism: The Left-Wing Alternative
By Daniel Cohn-Bendit and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit
McGraw-Hill, $5.95

THE IMPUDENT AND THE DEAD

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Impudence, sheer and naked impudence, has become a decisive revolutionary tool. This is the momentous scholarly discovery of Professor Herbert Marcuse who, himself a barren intelligence, had the intellectual courage to be utterly unashamed. What many a misanthropic observer of social obscenities had noticed before, but no self-respecting intellectual had dared admit intellectually—that *chutzpah*, plain and simple, can be an explosive social force—is now a legitimate subject of academic pursuits, thanks to Herbert Marcuse. Daniel Cohn-Bendit, himself the



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incarnation of *chutzpah*, has consequently moved into the ranks of scholars. But before one can analyze his achievements, one must defend oneself against some ugly suspicions: Is it permissible to accuse Jews of *chutzpah*? It is, indeed, one of the ugliest aspects of antisemitism that a Jewish scoundrel must not be called a scoundrel. It's just not done. The evil reality of antisemitism compels a gentleman to overlook the equally real phenomenon that there are Jewish scoundrels. And why shouldn't there be? The measure of a sane (and "tolerant") approach to the Jews ought to be the fairness to concede that the Jews, just like all other people, are entitled to produce an average quota of misfits, rascals and Cohn-Bendits. But, unfortunately, the *Weltgeist* still smells the stench of burning flesh. It remains nauseated—and self-conscious. Thus, a Cohn-Bendit, precisely *because* he is a German Jew, is chosen as an absolutely unassailable carrier of revolutionary *chutzpah*. The insanity of antisemitism has turned full circle: an impudent, just because he is a Jew, must not be called an impudent.

Yet one must refuse to be intellectually blackmailed by Hitler, even a generation after the event. It is, moreover, essential, in order to comprehend the revolution of impudence, that one notice the calculating shrewdness with which the New Left uses all those Cohn-Bendits as an unassailable avant garde. The New Left, which lives and flourishes on the permissiveness of a civilized society, is determined to make the most of our self-conscious inhibitions. Cohn-Bendit's book, on all other grounds a perfectly unbelievable compendium of ignorance, is in one respect a meritorious contribution to social science. It opens our eyes (or at least it should open them) to the fact that World Revolution, no longer what it used to be, has turned into a *putsch* of the young privileged against permissive society. Gone are the days of party line, fellow travelers and fifth columns. Gone are the days of the masses, the meaning of history, the underprivileged toilers. Cohn-Bendit's impudent manifesto, vastly improving on the notorious draft by Karl Marx, at last displays this social revolution for what it is: the arbitrary act of privileged but bored youngsters against a permissive and tired society.

The moving force in such an action is, necessarily, the kind of charismatic *chutzpah* which a Cohn-Bendit radiates abundantly. Consider the following excerpt so typical of the contents and style of the whole opus: "The publishers now come chasing after me, begging me to write about anything I choose, good or bad, exciting or dull; all they want is something they can sell—a revolutionary gadget with marketable qualities. . . . They are prepared to pay for the privilege through the nose in the short run (offering me a vast sum of money before I have written a single line). They do not seem bothered by the fact that their cash will be used for the next round of Molotov cocktails."

OF SUCH STUFF the theory as well as practice of the New Left are made. The impudent Catalinarian, with a gifted eye for the fast buck and the main chance, discovers that such respectable publishers as McGraw-Hill "are prepared to pay for the privilege through the nose"; whereupon, of course, said nose will be bloodied. I am by no means certain, as Cohn-Bendit seems to be, that McGraw-Hill came chasing after him so that they could sell marketable qualities. Here, I am afraid, Cohn-Bendit remains under the spell of a vulgarized Marx and, thus, suspects the profit motive where there is nothing of the kind. Respectable American publishing houses are paying through their nose for the mere privilege of being bloodied. Period. It's all done in the spirit of atonement: *Spätkapitalismus* (to quote Professor Marcuse) suffers not so much from the search for profit as from the search for punishment. In the days of Karl Marx capitalists may have been sadists; in the days of Marcuse and Cohn-Bendit they are masochists. And fellows like Cohn-Bendit can resist anything but temptation. So they kick every ass that offers itself to such passionate treatment.

So overwhelming is Cohn-Bendit's *chutzpah* that in the presence of his inimitable and naïve ignorance one feels disarmed. "This book was written in five weeks and bears the marks of this scramble," confesses this "cherubic Danton," as Mr. Cohn-Bendit so charmingly calls himself. True, the scramble coagulates in parts into a kind of rational quarrel with Lenin and Trotsky (which parts, apparently, are written by Gabriel, the brother of the cherubic Danton). If, to McGraw-Hill's honest surprise, it proves marketable

RANDOM NOTES

■ DARK CORNERS: *Madness in Power*, by François Dumas, examines 31 rulers from Caligula to Hitler who had, uh, problems (Chilton, $7.95). . . . An attempt to fly the Atlantic seventeen years before Lindbergh is recalled in *Walter Wellman and the Motor Balloon "America"* by Edward H. Mabley (Stephen Greene Press, August). . . . Dame Sybil Leek, the noted witch, has written *Numerology: The Magic of Numbers* (Macmillan, June, $5.95/$2.95 paperback). . . . E. R. Chamberlin goes back a few hundred years and returns with *The Bad Popes* (Dial, $10). . . . A Greek seismologist has found a sunken island that he thinks is the lost city of Atlantis; James W. Major tells about it in *Voyage to Atlantis* (Putnam, $6.95).

■ SHOWFOLKS: Beatrice Lillie is supposed to be at work on her autobiography, but Doubleday, disappointed by her slow progress, wants back $32,000 in advances. . . . Prentice-Hall is delighted with Lillian Gish's *The Movies, Mr. Griffith and Me*, just out ($7.95). . . . Norman Zierold's *Garbo* sums Her up as a "gregarious hermit" (Stein & Day, $5.95). . . . The same author has done *The Moguls*, about Goldwyn, the Selznicks, the Warners and such (Coward-McCann, $7.95). . . . Other biographies: *Spencer Tracy* by Larry Swindell (World, $5.95); Sheilah Graham's *Confessions of a Hollywood Columnist* (Morrow, $5.95); *Judy: The Films and Career of Judy Garland* by Joe Morella and Edward Epstein (Citadel, May, $7.95); *Norma Jean*, Fred Guiles' biography of Marilyn Monroe, seven years in the writing and with information from interviews just before her death (McGraw-Hill, June, $8.95).

■ FROM THE CRITICS: *Dwight Macdonald on the Movies* (Prentice-Hall, May, $9.95); Parker Tyler's *Sex, Psyche, Etcetera in the Film* (Horizon, $7.50); and in the University of Indiana's "Cinema One" film series, *Billy Wilder* by Axel Madsen, *Buster Keaton* by David Robinson and *Signs and Meaning in the Cinema* by Peter Wollen (each $5.95/$1.95 paperback). . . . Those who long for vanished glories will like Dennis Sharp's *The Picture Palace, and Other Buildings for the Movies* (Praeger, $12.50). . . . And is the Hollywood of yore really dead? Not at all, says John Gregory Dunne, who knocked about out there for a year and then wrote *The Studio* (Farrar, $5.95).

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after all, it will be due to cherubic Danny's brazen, infectious, full-blooded impudence, with which the book oozes. This young man is without the slightest doubt the perfect embodiment of the "international student revolt." The reader finds not a book, but cheek.

It's pure cheek, just like the student revolt—but cheek corrupted by intelligence. The boys are intelligent or, at any rate, clever enough to understand that the established Communist parties have lost their revolutionary sex appeal; that anyone who wishes to conjure up barricades these days must supply his own magic, because the established Communist parties, at least for this particular moment of history, have lost theirs. Are the Cohn-Bendits, therefore, "rebels without a cause"? This, it seems to me, is one of the most asinine phrases of recent years. Rebels without a cause? But the only cause that could possibly interest rebels is rebellion! To speak of "rebels without a cause" is like commiserating with homosexuals as "boys without girls"; homosexuals are not interested in girls. And rebels are entirely satisfied with rebellion. A cause, any cause, is for squares.

As for Cohn-Bendit—no square, he. He not only has no programmatic utopia to offer in his book—he spitefully dismisses the mere idea of program. For this, it seems to me, he ought to be commended. Even though it took him only five weeks to write this book (of which, I have the impression, he must have loafed a fortnight), he had assembled enough experience on the campuses of France and Germany to realize that the riot itself is the only passion and the only program of "rebellious youth."

In other words, Cohn-Bendit has grasped, and is saying in his book, that impudence is not only the decisive revolutionary tool, but the revolution itself. He has grasped that the "confrontation" of New Left and Establishment is a race between the impudent and the dead. The fresher the Cohn-Bendits get, the higher the advances the McGraw-Hills will pay. If you are young and fresh, and the society of your father proves to be permissive and guilt-ridden, what else can you do but kick it in the teeth? Admittedly, Daniel Cohn-Bendit, the son of respectable parents, is neither a scholar nor a gentleman. But his *chutzpah* has the enigmatic charm of a killer who enjoys his vocation. □

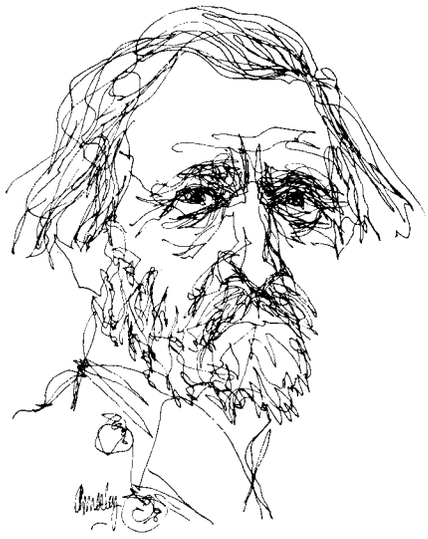
Grant Takes Command
By Bruce Catton
Little, Brown, $10

A LEAVEN IN A HEAVY LUMP

M. E. BRADFORD

Grant Takes Command is the third volume in what will eventually be at least a four-decker, definitive biography. Its concern is with Ulysses Simpson Grant the soldier, with his season (1863-1865) as the embattled Union's strong right arm. The part, we can now be certain, accords well with the whole begun in *Captain Sam Grant* (1950) and *Grant Moves South* (1960)—as does what we see emerging in that whole, with the times which call it forth. In an age of copious and tendentious memorializing upon those worthies we honor for our forebears, these particular two-thousand-plus pages were inevitable. Nor was the undertaking, during the centenary of its subject's final exaltation, inappropriate.

Too long have we seen the Civil War through the filter of Father Abraham and the myth he personified. Too long have we turned our eyes away from the less inspired "loyal" men who served



the Emancipator's turn and inherited his accomplishment, the modern "blood and iron" power state. There is, with reason, a growing suspicion that such mortal, ambivalent nondescripts have much to tell us. Indeed, in the wake of "the fire next time," even Abolition's most loyal younger sons are astir with uncertainties. They fear that the "armed doctrine" of their obeisance may collapse unless Lincoln's cohorts are persuasively related to and absorbed within its confines—unless analogues becoming clearer by the day are covered over.

Bruce Catton has been involved in such calculated synthesizing since he began, thirty years ago, his career as the Establishment's popular historian of the turning point in our national experience. His most recent installment in what was at first the project of the late Lloyd Lewis gives us reasonable encouragement to look once again at our eighteenth President, bluff Sam Grant of Illinois: encouragement to examine this ubiquitous personage as individual *and* paradigm. Said another way, the volume is both what its author intended and, at the same time, something better.

It contains no surprises for those familiar with Mr. Catton's earlier work or with the first two volumes in the series. Rather, it reinforces the impression they set out to make. U. S. Grant was, as his initials suggest, a generic Northern-style American of his generation. Hence, I do not use the familiar address in irreverence. As Catton demonstrates, we must take the rusty figure in muddy boots most seriously; however, it is also impossible to wrap the old fellow up in the customary marble toga. Amiable and terrible, possessed and yet detached from all that possessed him—inside that paradox, somewhere in between the commonplace Midwestern substance and his extraordinary impact as the agent of our homegrown gnosticism—is the place for searching out Grant's meaning. However, as I have mentioned, Catton has another song, the ongoing march of all things American toward the "beatitude" we now enjoy. But his service is nonetheless considerable. For his study collects from the General's heyday the evidence necessary to a philosophic retrospect on less sanguine principles.

THOUGH BROUGHT UP with (and confirmed by study in) a perfect disregard for Yankee generals and Republican Presidents, I have always found it difficult to muster strong feelings about the tanner's son from Galena. True enough, certain of my kindred did their best to run him into the river below Shiloh churchyard. And they were likewise recalcitrant during his

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two terms as Chief of State. But such labors left no residue of pointed familial memory to attach to his person, no ill-speaking and none of the usual cold anger. And what puzzles most is that this "inherited" neutrality is directed toward one who was the functional instrument of everything despised by the aforementioned "rebellious" impenitents: the veritable inventor of total war, the presiding demon of "black" Reconstruction, and the willing tool of the money power.

Therein, however, I now see is not only a quandary but also a point: the point which Catton makes by inadvertence in rendering the disparity between Grant, the public man, and Grant, the private man. This disconnection has always disarmed and diverted (to Lincoln, Sherman and the leaders of the war Congress) Grant's natural adversaries, kept the malefactor discrete from his sins, the character from the world-view and its issue. The certain result has been the South's (and its friends') vulnerability to his—or his kind of—assault. Once the myth has swallowed up its servitor, the "Empire of Liberty" furled its banner round his thews, then his conduct cannot touch upon his (or our) conscience.

Something like the New England illusion of membership in a "city on a hill" sustained the humdrum warrior and failed storekeeper in his time of testing, something in harmony with the kind of army he captained and the loyalties he enacted, something that was even earlier seized upon and inflated by Lincoln himself to inform that army and define those loyalties. Consider the pattern of Grant's life from 1859: a drift from frontier Democratic patriotism, tempered by strong Southern sympathies, into accordance (after early secessions) with *announced* Republican objectives; to a later accommodation, in the envelope of the Union mystique, with the terrible statist theory of means and ends; and finally to a full commitment to uniformitarian radicalism and the Presidency it brought him—a tenure which exposed the entire sequence of his rise for the living pathology it was.

Consider also the letter to Lincoln on his promotion to Lieutenant General, its Roundhead eagerness to play the "instrument of Providence"; his War Department report on freedmen's depredations among Mississippi non-combatants (calling these "retribution"); his apologia to Congressman Washburne for a shifting position on slavery (an evil in 1863 *because* of secession); and his retreat to the same argument in explaining his wartime motives to Bismarck. Then set both sequence and statements against Grant's courtesy with vanquished foes, his despair at failures and at the illness of a son, his horror of blood and love for animals, his cozy domesticity, loyalty to friends, and unquestionable nobility in composing a memoir (to pay debts) in the year of his death. Finally, remember that, as Lewis and Catton prove, he traveled all this crooked way without a qualm. At that point we should be prepared to grasp Grant's significance and to admit that, since 1865, as he did, so have we all.

FOR GRANT, not Lincoln, is the America born in the stillness at Appomattox. Given this narrow choice of progenitors, I would not alter the record. Moreover, what is stumbled into (unlike a thoroughgoing ideology) *can* be escaped. The process will not be simple; however, with the assistance of earned misfortune, it is conceivable. Believing in his myth enabled Grant to test two ontologies in one flesh, to act out the ancient heresy of "the double truth" while maintaining that war, politics and commerce need not implicate a self kept pure in "vision" and a hearthside piety.

From the perspective of unenlightened Copperheads and stubbornly irredentist Southerners, the spectacle—new man and new Republic—is appalling. But it is also necessary. For the way out of protracted delusion lies through the analysis of its unfolding and discovery of its source. Only then comes healing. □

The Strange World of Ivan Ivanov
By G. Warren Nutter
World, $5.00

SOVIET ECONOMY CLOSE UP

STEFAN T. POSSONY

Secretary Laird should be congratulated: For the first time in history, a specialist in Soviet affairs is serving in the upper ranks of the Pentagon. It is still more significant that in his capacity as Assistant Secretary for International Security Affairs, the very knowledgeable Dr. G. Warren Nutter will coordinate the military and political strategies of the United States. The ISA slot has been traditionally in the hands of that particular American breed who are persuaded that a deal with the USSR—any deal on disarmament—would end the Communist threat. Under the Johnson Administration, the ISA office was the most important "dove" beachhead within the government.

There have been those who reasoned that the Communist economy is so strong that it can match every American effort. McNamara, arguing against the ABM, held that if we were to strengthen our defenses, the Soviets would "simply" add additional offensive weapons and thus nullify our efforts. Apparently the Soviet Union could do what we can't afford, namely add arms *ad lib*. There have also been those who predicted that the Soviet economy was about to overtake the American economy; hence, if the United States were to survive, it would have to attain the Soviet growth rate.

Warren Nutter wrote the present book before he was catapulted, within 24 hours, from his professorial chair into the Pentagon. He estimates that the size of the Soviet arms program "is roughly equivalent to ours. The burden imposed on the Soviet economy is, however, three times as great as here. The message spelled out clearly by history is that economic strength is a poor gauge of military power, and vice versa."

NUTTER'S BOOK, which originated in a series of articles commissioned by the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, can be read in the short time required to view the late-late show. Since it provides most of the basic knowledge needed by the educated American about the USSR, and since Nutter has also accomplished the unique feat of writing a readable book on the USSR, this substitution is strongly recommended.

The Communists promised that they would solve the "social question." Yet after fifty years of Bolshevik rule, the average family income was about $1,500 a year, "or half the standard set by our present Administration as the 'poverty level' for Americans." Average Americans are "about five times as well off as the Ivanovs." "To enjoy a standard of living about a fifth of ours, the Soviet Union employs a labor force one-and-a-half times as large. The work force constitutes 75 per cent of the adult population there as compared with 57 per cent here.

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In the case of women, the respective figures are 50 per cent and 37 per cent. To purchase a basket of food intermediate between United States and Soviet standards, a wage earner in Moscow must work about eight times as long as one in New York City."

In agriculture, the Soviet Union is using "a labor force more than nine times the size of ours." Yet its output is only 70 to 80 per cent as large. "Our government estimates current Soviet industrial production to be about half the level in this country. . . . To put it at a third would seem to be more reasonable. . . . The Soviet Union employs 40 per cent more industrial workers . . . than we do. Hence the output per worker there would seem to be a fourth as large as here.

"Soviet performance in terms of sheer quantitative growth is just as impressive as ours, and in that respect full credit must be given. However . . . our economic development has swept across all sectors and emphasized continual enhancement of consumer welfare. Theirs has focused on growth of industry and aggrandizement of national power. Ours has come mainly from innovation and improved efficiency in the use of resources, theirs from expanded employment of resources."

In his discussion of the national question in the USSR, Nutter describes the "mistreatment of the Jewish minority." The many American Jews who can't quite bring themselves to look at the Soviet Union realistically might want to read those passages carefully. "The same thing can happen at any time to other identifiable ethnic or racial groups incurring the displeasure of the state."

There is practically no aspect of the Ivanovs' strange world that Nutter does not touch, whether it be political (the Soviet political system, the role of the Communist Party, sham democracy, the legal system and the secret police); economic (the "advanced stage of obsolescence" of the Soviet economic system and the enormous economic losses, unemployment without unemployment insurance, restrictions on consumers' choices, absence of private credit, housing conditions); or cultural and social (education, thought control, continued opposition to religion, control of residence and travel, forcing of collective peasants to stay on the farm, inroads on free time, lack of organized private charity). He examines, in short, the pursuit of happiness in the class society of the USSR under Communism.

The Soviet attitude to war is described in George Orwell's words: "By becoming continuous, war has ceased to exist. . . . A peace that was truly permanent would be the same as a permanent war. This . . . is the inner meaning of the party slogan 'war is peace.'"

What about the future? "Like their predecessors, today's rulers recognize that Soviet society is sick, but they know equally well that to cure the patient is to kill the doctor." This is the age-old "dilemma of the Czars" and it means that "reforms are blocked." I hope Nutter is wrong on this point. For, if he is right, the inevitable catastrophic downfall of Soviet totalitarianism could have extremely dangerous repercussions the world over. □

ART

. . . BUT IS IT ART?

RUTH BERENSON

Lights! Action! Sound! The technological revolution has threatened to take over the art world for some time; but this year, anything that stands still, doesn't jiggle, light up or make a noise seems somehow old-fashioned. Museums and dealers alike are worrying about overloaded circuits, and the betting is that Con Edison will show record profits this year.

All along Madison Avenue and the gallery-infested side streets, premises have been darkened to display lighted shadow boxes in which moving parts—discs, wheels, levers — form flickering patterns; bright strips of neon tubing, made into words or twisted like spaghetti into abstract shapes, wink on and off; curving sheets of edge-lit Plexiglas form shadowy mazes in which the visitor sees himself oddly reflected; electric bulbs in mirror-lined cases wax or wane and seem to recede into infinity. Laser beams make straight-edged parallelograms or jump between two poles in a staccato dance; slithering sinuous shadows, in hues ranging from lemon to magenta, are programmed onto TV screens or reflected in translucent globes. Electrically charged magnets stir iron filings into ever-changing drifts, or magically pull a series of balls, seemingly made of wood, up an inclined plane in defiance of Newton. Wheels turn, pendulums swing, often to the accompaniment of things that vibrate, tap, scrunch, clang, bang, ring.

Often a group of artists and engineers working together is sufficiently well-heeled (i.e. foundation-financed) to combine a number of more or less complicated contrivances into a so-called "total environment" designed to bombard the spectator with varying sense impressions from all sides at once. (Recent examples are *Feel It*, at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, and *Hyperspaces*, at the Architectural League). Such shows make much of "spectator involvement": the mechanism of sound, light or movement is triggered by the onlooker or can be manipulated by him; his presence determines the range or intensity of the colors, the workings of the otherwise

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static elements; his voice calls forth the stroboscopic lights or activates programmed electronic tapes. When they work—most of these machines break down with depressing regularity—many are fun to look at and play with. Some are banal, particularly the neon sculptures which usually are less exciting than their commercial counterparts on Times Square. This may, of course, be unfair; electronic art is still in its earliest infancy, and in general seems to promise more than it actually delivers.

If the application of this advanced technology to art is a recent phenomenon, the association of art with machinery has a long, respectable history. This was made clear by the Museum of Modern Art which, with its usual fortuitous timing, devoted its major exhibition this winter to *The Machine As Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age*. (It will also be shown at the University of St. Thomas, Houston, March 25-May 18, and at the San Francisco Museum of Art, June 23-August 24.) Assembled by J. G. Pontus Hultem, Director of the Moderna Museet in Stockholm, this comprehensive showing traces the involvement of art and mechanics from Leonardo's visionary flying machines and the ingenious automatons of the eighteenth century to the most recent experiments in computer art and electronics.

It is evident that the relationship of artists to machines has always been complex, composed of love and hate in about equal measure. Certainly it was love which prompted Ettore Bugatti to turn away from a career as a painter to design automobiles which were works of art, just as it was love that made his Italian compatriots, the Futurists, and their Russian counterparts, the Constructivists, glorify the machine in their paintings of the 1920s. Rube Goldberg, who started out as an engineer, satirized them in his inspired newspaper cartoons of the Twenties and Thirties, as did the Swiss sculptor, Jean Tinguely, whose Goldbergian *Hommage à New York*, a conglomeration of baby carriage wheels, old motors, an adding machine, a child's potty and other "found objects" from a Newark junk pile, inexorably and according to schedule destroyed itself in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art on the memorable evening of March 17, 1960. It is the same sort of joke as the *Friendly Grey Computer* of Pop artist Edward Kienholz which answers "yes" or "no" to questions ("Will I find a boy friend?") and is mounted on rockers so that, in the artist's words, it can rest when it feels a "nervous breakdown" impending.

The hero of the "machine" exhibition is Marcel Duchamp, *enfant terrible* of modern art, the spiritual grandfather of practically every post-World War II development. Duchamp's "readymades," like the bicycle wheel mounted upside-down on a kitchen stool, were the first use of machines as works of art *per se*; his motorized *Rotary Glass Plate* of 1922, a series of glass panels traced with parts of spirals which appeared as concentric circles when activated, was the first art machine. Yet his simple optical illusions were a far cry from today's complexities. These are the products of the most advanced technology, and few of them could have been conceived, let alone executed, ten or even five years back. Most are produced by artists and engineers working as teams, a collaboration so frequent as to make a mockery of C. P. Snow's much publicized dictum, only a short while ago, that the gulf between art and science could never be bridged in our time. Organizations like MIT's Institute for Visual Studies, Experiments in Art and Technology and similar cooperative ventures in Sweden, Germany, Holland and elsewhere work so closely together that the contributions of the artist cannot be disentangled from those of the engineer.

The fact that the average layman cannot hope to understand how most of these objects work does not detract from their interest. Indeed, their very mystery is especially appealing today when, for the time being, at any rate, the art of painting seems to have reduced itself to the application of Day-Glo colors to patterns mechanically stenciled on canvas, and when "minimal" sculptures are executed in commercial factories so as to avoid a "handmade" look. The very complexity of electronic art thus poses a seductive challenge to young artists. Besides, as painter Larry Rivers, himself a recent middle-aged convert to technology, has said, "Michelangelo saw marble around him and worked with it. I use electricity. What's the difference?"

The basic difference is that behind Michelangelo's marbles was a centuries-old tradition and a firm sense of purpose, which is wholly lacking in today's electronic artists—hence their present preoccupation with technics and gadgetry rather than with the end product, that is to say, art. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Beatles Book, *edited by Edward E. Davis (Cowles, $5.95)*. Fourteen pieces, too many of them by fools with wax in their ears. The collection is redeemed by Ned Rorem's appreciation, "Why The Beatles Are Good," which implicitly puts down several other contributors—"Our need for them is neither sociological nor new, but artistic and old, specifically a *renewal*, a renewal of pleasure"; a well-illustrated study of "The Poetics of The Beatles" by Al Lee, a genuine poet; two articles by William F. Buckley Jr., the first (written in his Blue Meanie period) dismissing Them as "not merely awful [but] . . . godawful" and the second, written a year later, revealing a grudging but gratifying (because un-sycophantic) coming around to The Beatles and the rest of rock. Somebody should turn Buckley the rest of the way on. Allen Keesee offers a piece about "Indian Influence on The Beatles," of purely antiquarian interest now, as is Peter Stafford's relating of The Beatles and their music to the psychedelic experience. As for the rest—Nat Hentoff numbers Them "indeed among the liberators," Larry Neal dislikes Them because They're white, Herbert J. Freudenberger Ph.D. has Their psychoanalytical number, and Timothy Leary is, as usual, the greatest nitwit in Christendom or out of it. In all, a reasonably interesting supplement to the Fast and Davies biographies; includes a useful discography. C. H. SIMONDS

Churchill as Historian, *by Maurice Ashley (Scribner's, $6.95)*. Maurice Ashley is an admirer of Oliver Cromwell, a supporter of the more progressive parts of the Glorious Revolution, a sometime writer for the Manchester *Guardian*, a socialist, and a professional academic historian. Sir Winston Churchill placed Cromwell in the same galaxy of villains with Adolf Hitler; defended the Duke of Marlborough (whose attitude toward the Glorious Revolution was, at the very least, mixed); was from time to time pilloried by the *Guardian*; had the same socialistic tendencies as Edward VII; and never trespassed the groves of Academe. Naturally, because Churchill was a great and generous man, they got on well, while Ashley was serving as his amanuensis and research assistant for his biography of Marlborough, and presumably afterwards. Mr. Ashley has now written an account of Churchill's methods, and of his results, in the writing of his-

(Continues on page 398)

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

THOSE CALIFORNIA WINES

TODAY, I want to say a few general things about California wines. This (hopefully) jeweled prose of mine (remember, I warned you in the last Delectations) is not a survey, a commercial nor the dictum of the voice of ultimate authority. So there.

To everybody who has been brought up on European wine, California wine tastes right because it comes from the same grape vine, *Vitis Vinifera*, which was brought to California by the Franciscan monks and improved over the centuries. New York State wine, of which there is quite a lot, tastes different from European wine because it comes from native grape vines. Hence the taste that has been described as "foxy." These wines appeal to people who have no preconceived idea of what wine should taste like. A few New York wine growers are experimenting with new hybrid grapes and, in a few cases, the different taste of New York wine has been overcome.

California wine, white and red, is made almost throughout the state. The best comes from around San Francisco, north and south of the city. This wine is far more delicate than the wine from the southern part of the state, just as all northern wines are more delicate than those grown under a hotter sun. The wine from around Los Angeles resembles the wine from the Midi of France or Southern Italy, but I think it is rather better.

Most California wine, like most Italian, French or Spanish wine, is the inexpensive wine known in France as *vin ordinaire*. It is fully as good, and very often much better, than its European counterparts (which can be awful), because it is more honestly made. There is no better value for the money than a reputable California bulk wine. And if you want to spend a little more, the Mountain Whites (Chablis, Sauterne) and Mountain Reds (Burgundy, Claret) made by Almadén vineyards cannot be beat for cost and for the pleasure of day-in, day-out drinking. They come in half and whole bottles that anybody but a snob will be glad to have at the family table. Almadén makes other very good wines, about which more later.

The mass-produced California wines, like their European counterparts, are blended to resemble a given European category such as Sauterne or Burgundy, Rosé or Sherry. They are sold under such a *generic* name, or under a trade name which belongs to a specific winery. They will resemble their European counterparts more or less closely, which New York State wines do not. As a matter of fact, I doubt that in the case of the better California vin ordinaires, anyone but an expert could tell that they come from the New World. However, nothing grown in the New World will ever taste exactly like its Old World equivalent. It cannot and does not because soil and climate are different, quite apart from growing methods.

The other designation of California wine is *varietal*, from the variety of grape from which it is principally made, as opposed to the *generic* designation. Varietal is an American term, and not used in Europe. There, the kinds of grapes grown in the fine wine districts are limited and established, both by tradition and law. In California, a far greater variety of grapes is grown not only in the different wine-growing districts, but also by individual wineries. American law specifies that a varietal wine must contain at least 51 per cent of the grape after which it is named. This doesn't sound like much and this is where the good name of the winery comes in. And before we wrinkle our noses at blending, let us remember that many great European wines are blended. Red Bordeaux, for instance, is by no means the pure juice of the Cabernet Sauvignon grape; it also contains Merlot and other grapes to soften the impact of the first grape.

California wines are honestly labeled with the name of the varietal grape and sometimes the name of their European counterparts, the place of their origin, the name of their maker and bottler. Sometimes they do carry the vintage year; the reason they do not do this invariably is that the California climate is far more stable than that of Europe and therefore makes for far fewer taste fluctuations. Another reason is that Americans expect all of their wines to be perfect to drink and that therefore the wine and restaurant trades are scared to admit the fact that there might be some variations in the product they sell.

NOT ALL WINES, especially red ones, are perfect to be drunk when they are made. They must mature. This is so especially in the case of the great red Cabernet Sauvignon wines, which in California are often as good or better than most clarets, but are seldom sold properly matured. In France, England or Scandinavia, a wine merchant will age the clarets he buys, if the chateau has not already matured them, or the buyer himself will mature them in his own cellar. In America, few wineries have the space, because one of the typical aspects of California wine making is that the wineries must make, or carry, a full line of very different wines, including fortified wines, to be able to hold their place in the wholesale and retail wine trade. In Europe this is not so at all. There, a vineyard can make just one or two wines, even in small quantities, and do very well. American vintners who make good wine deplore this practice, but they are helpless to change it, because quantity counts for so much in our country. Another reason is the tax situation in America. The law, in our country, requires that tax must be paid on a winery's inventory once a year, whether the inventory was the same at the last tax period or not. This is indeed a prohibitive measure. Yet the good California winemakers go on making excellent wine in ever-increasing quality. More about these wines next month. □

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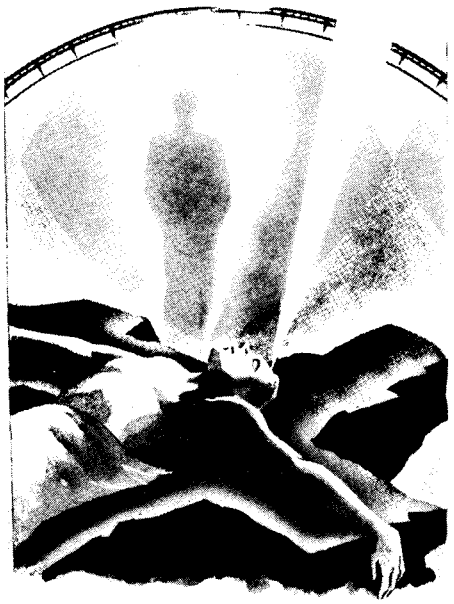

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BRIEFS

(cont. from p. 396)

tory. The account of the methods, and the commentary on its results in the Marlborough, is both interesting and valuable. The commentary on the books written before the Marlborough is interesting and perhaps valuable. The rest of the book gives the impression of being filler, competent presumably, but illuminated neither by personal contact with Churchill while he was writing (or after he had written) the books being discussed, nor by particular expertise in the fields they cover. It may be regretted that Mr. Ashley does not consider the question of the roots of Churchill's interest in history. In view of the impression that Josephine Tey's mystery novel *The Daughter of Time* made on Sir Winston, it is perhaps not entirely fanciful to wonder if that interest could be traced to an early reading of the boys' fiction of authors such as G. A. Henty. If so, it would go far toward explaining the particular biases of Sir Winston's history—though some of these were clearly family biases. In any case, Mr. Ashley's book can be read with enjoyment, and some profit, but at the grossly inflated price of $6.95 for 250 pages (of which perhaps 150 are filler), it can scarcely be recommended for purchase. Get it from the library, but do read at least the first part of it for a picture of the great man at work.

J. C. LOBDELL

GREEN

(cont. from p. 385)

punishment is to enforce the sense of right and wrong for the law-abiding majority. But he also implied that when the "common conscience" is nearly gone, punishment will not serve to revive sentiments which have ceased to be irretrievably offended by criminal acts: "We can thus say without paradox that punishment is above all designed to act upon upright people, for, since it serves to heal the wounds made upon collective sentiments, it can fill this role only where these sentiments exist, and commensurately with their vivacity." If he is correct, then "tough laws" and "stern measures" are no answer to murder or any other crime, if the context in which they are instated is one of sentimentalized egalitarianism, if acceptance of collective guilt saps the will to react, and if responsibility for wrong-doing is either denied or displaced upon antecedent circumstances or "society."

There is something obscene about keeping hundreds of men on Death Row for years, in a few instances decades, while divided counsel, marchers and protesting zealots on one side, and on the other at least some who seek vengeance for obscure reasons, demonstrate that no real will of the community exists. The very few who will die and the very many who will remain in legal limbo are selected by the fortuitous application of legal technicalities, not by guilt, and not by the "intensity of the sentiments."

True, a majority of polled citizens favor retention of capital punishment. Most men do not believe it is morally wrong to take a man's life when he has murdered another. But an emotional climate of sentimentalized egalitarianism blurs the distinction between the principle that human life is sacred and the right to demand in expiation the life of the man who has violated that principle. The conscience is troubled, even in many of those who formally endorse the death penalty. The mushy tolerance of our era has corrupted the moral right to punish severely. Any attempt to make execution for murder more certain than it now is would perhaps be inadvisable. Surely Marvin Wult, ACLU's legal director, has made an incontrovertible statement: "The less frequently [execution] occurs, the more cruel and unusual it becomes." □

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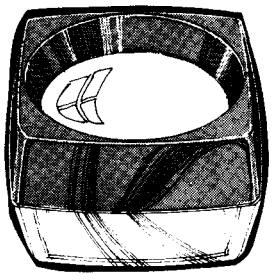

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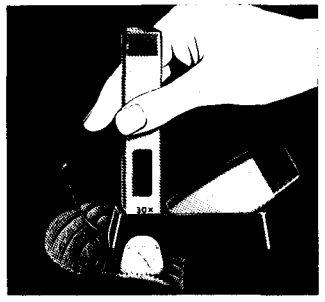

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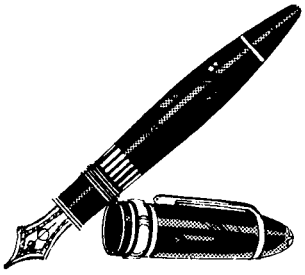

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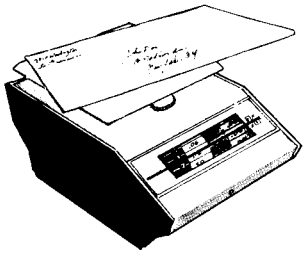

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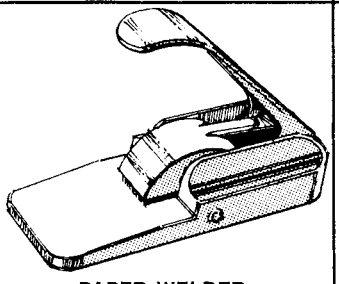

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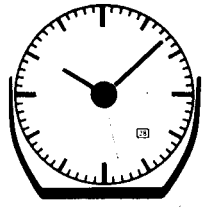

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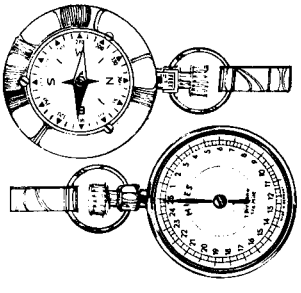

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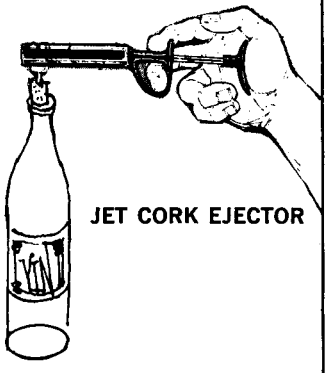

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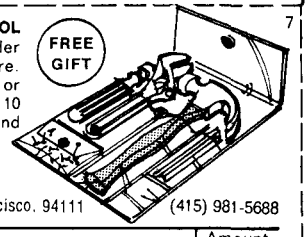

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (APRIL 8)

[James Jackson] KILPATRICK

[Random Notes from] THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL*

In the American theology, work is a cardinal virtue and sloth a mortal sin; welfare programs that tend to reward idleness and fail to penalize promiscuity thus take on the strain of blasphemy; they are crimes against the true religion, graffiti on the sanctuary wall.

*NR, December 3, 1968

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BARBARIE

(cont. from p. 389)

point. In theory, a general strike is a tremendous weapon. Everything but the most authentic emergency services is suspended. But several factors combined to make the reality less traumatic than the theory. One factor, probably best left to surer hands than these, is the social psychology of the Italians, who, generally speaking do not become enthusiastic over group undertakings on a scale larger than family-size. Another is the relatively straitened circumstances of great numbers of Italians—who, when faced with the choice of solidarity-forever-rah-rah-rah, or making a quick lira, for instance, by driving the private buses that ran the normal city routes (at double fare), will opt for the latter. Incidentally, there was no violence directed toward the strike-breakers and the police handling of the day's activity was a piece of artistry.

Why did the Communists, with all their acknowledged strength in Italy, fail to take the credit for what was after all a pretty impressive day's work? Why did they hide behind the skirts of seven women? There is only one answer which holds up under scrutiny: the Italian Communists fear a military coup. They have been forced to tone down their obstreperousness; either that or lay themselves open to the fate of the Greek Left. So rather than deploring the regime of the Greek colonels, we should look at it in its effects, one of which is that Italy, the key to the Mediterranean, is still securely in the NATO camp. The Christian Democrat Mariano Rumor could form his government despite the muted whinings of *L'Unita*, which for weeks had been running headlines which varied little from day to day, the gist of which was "The People Say No to the Centrists."

At their Party congress in Bologna recently, Italy's Communists emphasized their independence of Moscow's direction and their support of national movements such as Czechoslovakia's. The entire thrust of their words was, by Italian standards, moderate.

The only bellicose attitude they put forth was conditional—*if* there is a military coup, then we will act. They implied a willingness to behave, to keep the checks on their radical elements if they are rewarded by similar restraints from the other side. The implication was that they wish to avoid any confrontation. Their position is something of a dilemma to them: they are big enough to be a threat, but not big enough to seize power by legal means. To seize power by illegal means would provoke a counterstroke which would cripple them—they have not forgotten Indonesia.

The lesson we should learn is that by ignoring the dupes who would have us press for the overthrow of the anti-Communist Greek government, we have indirectly strengthened our position thoughout the Mediterranean, and that in the Italy of today, the *threat* of a military coup serves us better than any *real* coup ever could. However, this is not cause for unbridled optimism. To strengthen a losing position is not synonymous with reversing the tide; it may just mean that one is losing more slowly. □

LETTERS

(cont. from p. 365)

would not care to be in the position in which Commander Bucher found himself. As a fellow naval officer I commiserate with him over the woeful ineptitude of a gang of Admirals waiting for the golden days of pension and retirement. But if the Admirals swing, as swing they should, it must be in company with the *Pueblo*'s commanding officer. The ultimate villain is the Navy's keep your nose clean-it didn't happen on my watch system of officer promotion, about which volumes could be written. Suffice it to say that had it been in force forty years ago Fleet Admiral Nimitz would have retired as Commander Nimitz.

If you see fit to publish this, please withhold my name. When I leave the Navy in 1970 I'll send you a tale about manipulation of public opinion regarding the bombing halt. . . .

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Teddy's Realpolitik

On The Right

New York, April 6—The ironies are almost unbearable. Consider:

Time Magazine: "It was an extraordinary scene. There, in Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger's antique-filled office in Bonn, sat Soviet Ambassador Semyon ('Scratchy') ['Scratchy' to whom? U Thant? Leonard Lyons?] Tsarapkin. Painstakingly, the Russian explained Moscow's grave concern over the first China border clash early this month to the head of a government long reviled by the Soviets as the chief villain and menace in Europe. Patiently, the German listened as Tsarapkin charged that the 'chauvinist foreign policy of Peking' threatened the cause of peace and stability in the world." Had enough? No. The effrontery is incomplete . . .

"It was probably [*Time* continues] the first time that any Soviet envoy had so formally attacked the policies of the other Communist giant. Behind Tsarapkin's words was a warning. . . . In Paris, Rome and Tokyo, Tsarapkin's colleagues were giving the French, Italian and Japanese Foreign Ministers roughly the same message. . . . The intent was clear: China, no longer a brotherly socialist nation but instead a dangerous foe, should be expelled from the ranks of civilized nations."

This account of the Soviet Union's diplomatic offensive against Red China would alone animate an entire book by George Orwell. The notion of the Soviet Union ostracizing a nation from the "ranks of civilized nations" would provide the story line. It is all so ludicrous that one wonders how Prime Minister Kiesinger restrained himself from planting a few thumb tacks on Scratchy's chair. I cannot think of any other means by which the realities might have been reintroduced. The notion of an ambassador of the Soviet Union lecturing the head of the West German state on the nature of international proprieties . . . O Geordie, jingling Geordie it was grand to hear the Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence!

The difficulty is that for every Communist incredibility there is in the West —a Kennedy.

Herewith, in the very shadow of Scratchy's impertinence, a statement by Senator Edward Kennedy. He wants the United Nations to recognize Red China. Now: if one thought that the Senator's maneuver was motivated by a desire to exasperate the Soviet Union one would reason one's way happily through the anfractuous implications of his audacious suggestion.

BUT ALAS, a suggestion by Senator Kennedy is not to be confused with a suggestion by Senator Machiavelli. It isn't as if we were listening to someone who proceeded on the assumption that the enemy of our enemy is our friend. No, the analysis of Senator Kennedy turns out to be pure Eleanor Roosevelt. The recognition of Red China by the UN, he explains, should be done "without waiting for resolution of the complex question of Taiwan." That means, very simply, that the question of Taiwan—which is that Red China is governed without the consent of the governed—is to be ignored. But the best is yet to come. In UPI's paraphrase:

"Once the old policies were dropped, Senator Kennedy added, it might be possible for a political accommodation to be reached between the Communist regime on the mainland and the government on Taiwan, in which case Taiwan might be represented in the United Nations as an autonomous unit of China, similar to the status of Byelorussia and the Ukraine in the United Nations as autonomous provinces of the Soviet Union."

To speak of the "autonomy" of Byelorussia in the constellation of the Soviet Union is something like asserting the autonomy of Charlie McCarthy. The sheer idiocy of it all has the strange impact of reminding us that Senator Kennedy is not an idiot. Which requires that we consider the chilling datum that even as the Soviet Union attempts to consolidate world opinion against Red China, the leader of the American opposition is graduating Red China from the Coventry to which it was relegated by four American Presidents including his own brother.

Senator Kennedy's rationale is the sentimentalist rationale that Red China will dissolve into peacefulness immediately upon imbibing one chocolate milk shake at the UN. Mr. Nixon, as also the scores upon scores of Democratic legislators who have stood up against the recognition of Red China, has an opportunity to fondle Senator Kennedy's suggestion back into the ideologists' crib in which it lies. And, meanwhile, to take a lesson from Soviet diplomacy. When the Soviets *want* something, they do not hesitate to plant their demands right up on the altar of the opposition. When will we do likewise? What if Prime Minister Kiesinger had been in position to say that he would listen to "Scratchy" only after learning that the Soviet Union had ceased shipping arms into North Vietnam? □

THE AGONY OF PAUL VI

New York, April 10 —Pope Paul has released now two *cris de coeur*, most appropriately during Holy Week, lamenting the disintegration of Catholic unity. He warned most specifically of schism in the Church, and besought the faithful to unite behind the doctrines of the Church and the authority of the Church's hierarchy. He spoke of "a practically schismatic ferment [which] divides [the Catholic community], breaking it into groups . . ." "Above all" he laments those who are "jealous of arbitrary and basically egotistical autonomy, masquerading as Christian pluralism or liberty of conscience." And he asks whether the Church is still "truly animated by that sincere spirit of union and charity" such as to permit its flock to observe without hypocrisy "our most holy daily mass."

THE CRISIS of the Catholic Church is much written about. *Look* Magazine celebrates it every couple of issues, and its editors have even volunteered to rewrite the *Apostles' Creed*, reaching a new high in reader service. There is a strange sense of almost universal concern. Back in the old monolithic days of Pius XII, the Church was regularly assaulted for its autocratic ways, and

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the most popular notion in the Bible Belt was that Catholics weren't really Americans. Not only the Bible Belt. Peter Viereck observed twenty years ago that anti-Catholicism was the anti-semitism of the intellectuals.

But now that the Church has gone modern, not only have dissatisfactions within the Church magnified. Somehow even much of the non-Catholic world seems somehow disturbed. Perhaps because Rome has always been something of a shelter for dogmatic Christianity. To observe Rome, year after year, century after century, defending the essential tenets of Christianity, somehow made it easier for schismatics to improvise their own doctrines and beliefs. In such a way is the Constitution useful even to the most experimental Supreme Courts.

The Pope calls for charity, but of course charity and discipline are under certain circumstances incompatible. The exercise of charity by the Pope is presumably what caused him to refer to "a practically schismatic ferment." It is "practically schismatic" in the same sense that Richard Nixon is practically President. A recent publication called *Spectrum of Catholic Thought* lists views on Church issues by a half dozen Catholics one or two of whom take positions which would make Unitarians uneasy.

WHERE DOES CHARITY LIE? In permitting such "Catholics" to continue so to label themselves; or in excommunicating them? The Pope is unquestionably reluctant to excommunicate. That is the ultimate sanction of the Church, not to be used loosely. On the other hand, the sanction itself dissipates if the Church deteriorates into amorphous impotence.

Professor Jeffrey Hart of Dartmouth, a recent convert to Catholicism, wrote recently that he wondered why the left-wing (so-called) of the American Catholic Church does not do the obvious thing: namely embrace some form of Protestantism. Because the objections of the left-wing relate in almost every case to distinctively Catholic features of Christianity: the authority of the Pope, indeed his infallibility when speaking on faith or morals; the singular position of Mary within the Church; priestly celibacy; the position on birth control and abortion; and so on. How easy to dispose of these difficulties by the simple expedient of turning to any number of Protestant sects?

It may be thought to be a minor matter alongside questions so grave, but the Pope's reference to "our most holy daily mass" and attendance thereat takes no recognition at all of the great scandal of Catholicism at least in the United States: which is that going to mass had become an aesthetic ordeal.

On Palm Sunday, reciting the translation of St. Matthew approved by the Catholic Bishops, the priests read out from the pulpit: "Now Peter was sitting in the courtyard when one of the servant girls came over to him and said, 'You too were with Jesus the Galilean' but he denied it in front of everybody. 'I don't know what you are talking about.' . . . Again he denied it with an oath: 'I don't know the fellow.' A little later the bystanders came over to Peter and said, 'Obviously you are also one of them, why, even your accent gives you away.' . . . 'I don't even know the fellow.' Just then the cock crowed . . ."

("*Now Peter sat without in the palace: and a damsel came unto him, saying: Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee. But he denied them all saying I know not what thou sayest . . . Surely thou art also one of them; for thy speech betrayeth thee. Then he began to curse and to swear saying, I know not the man. And immediately the cock crew.*")

There may be a case for turning over the Bible to Bob Dylan for translation. But there is none at all for turning it over to the translating machine exhibited at the World's Fair, which alone could come up with the "modern" version. The common denominator between the two problems is loss of standards: doctrinal, aesthetic. The Catholic Church has been historically the tablet-keeper. The surrendering of its convictions at so many levels is a cause of the sorrow of Paul VI and of so many of his flock. □

PENDING THE VIETNAM SETTLEMENT

New York, April 8—There is no sound reason to doubt that Mr. Nixon's representatives are engaged in secret negotiations with the Communists in re Vietnam. It is both implausible and mean to suppose that it is all a front to mask inactivity and indecisiveness. And it follows that the American public has to gird itself for patience, something which, notoriously, we are poor at doing. Notwithstanding this, a couple of points are in order:

1) It has been a while since we heard from Mr. Nixon his views on the justification of the American effort in Vietnam. In the past he has stoutly maintained, along with others including for instance Mr. Rockefeller, that we are there necessarily; that the alternatives to fighting there are infinitely worse by any calculation. Now: does Mr. Nixon still believe that?

The reason we are entitled to know, and the reason Mr. Nixon could benefit from telling us, is that it matters either way. If Mr. Nixon's reading of the strategic situation has substantially changed:—if, for instance, Mr. Nixon no longer believes in the Domino Theory, no longer believes that a withdrawal from Vietnam would, say, imperil Malaysia and Thailand, then he is presumably prepared to make concessions which he would not otherwise be prepared to make. In which event he should inform the public, giving the reasons why, so that if he springs on us a settlement which would appear to betray the very reasons why we underwent the agony of Vietnam, we would at least understand the context in which that settlement is made.

AND ON THE OTHER HAND, if Mr. Nixon believes that the justifications for the war are pretty much as they were when President Johnson undertook to fight that war, why he should tell us that too. Because patience is easier to come by if we believe that the war is necessary and just. Easier for the American public, indispensable to the American fighting men, for whom the exhibition of patience may well cost them, certainly cost some of them, their lives: at the rate of an average of fifty per day. That is an appalling sum to pay unless the vital interests of the republic are at stake.

2) The acutest unrest caused by the prolongation of the war is among young men who have been sentenced, by that war, to permanent insecurity. Mr. Melvin Laird disappointed everyone when on his return from Vietnam he announced that it was too early to predict any substantial reduction in the strength of American forces in Vietnam. However, it is not too early to devise and ask for immediate action upon a fresh selective service principle which might serve as a way-station to an all-volunteer army, to come into being after the end of the war.

A most ingenious proposal, it seemed to me, was made by Nelson Rockefeller last spring when he was running for President. He recommended that for the duration of the emergency American boys be draftable between the age of eighteen and the age of nineteen. But once having reached nineteen, a boy is permanently safe, and can pursue his studies in non-Damoclean serenity.

The plan is appealing not only because it is sensible, but also for tactical reasons. To defuse the students' indignation, some of which is inevitably fueled by the resentment of living in a pressure cooker of uncertainty concerning their future, would ease the crisis of the colleges, which is beginning to appear as a permanent crisis. From a return to stillness in that quarter everyone and everything would benefit—Nixon, college presidents, parents, education, the public order and the general tranquillity. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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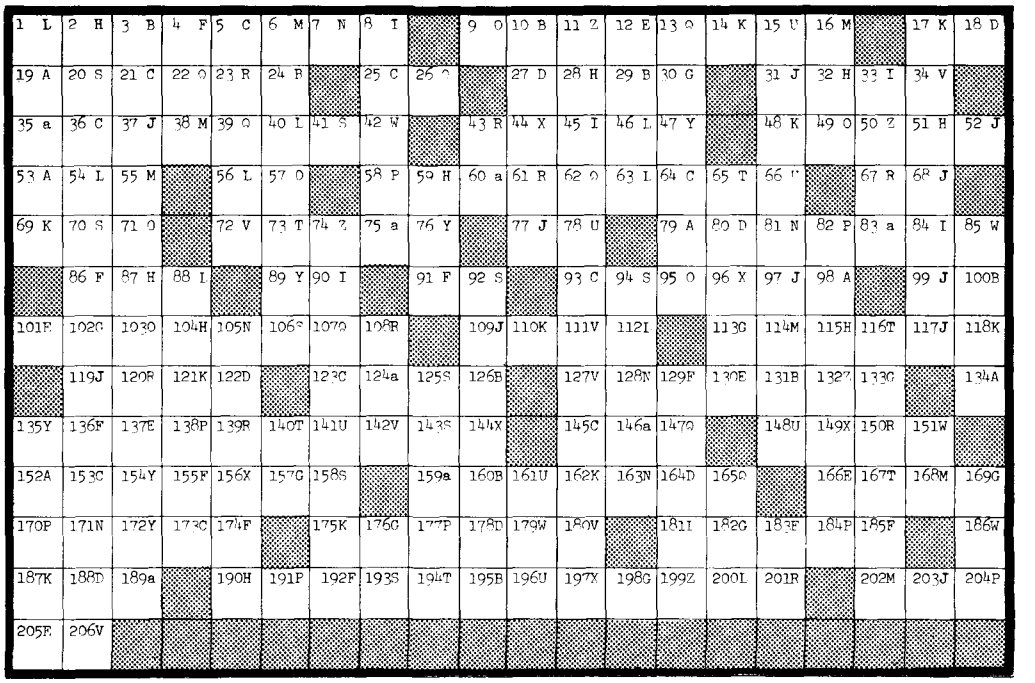
Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (below) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in below, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 400 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



DEFINITIONS

A. One of two or more horizontal stays for a certain ship's boom — 79 134 53 152 19 98

B. The opposite of a hot seat? — 100 29 3 24 10 126 160 131 195

C. China of a certain pattern — 123 25 5 21 36 64 93 145 153 173

D. A small, round or oblong citrus fruit having a sweet rind and acid pulp — 122 178 188 18 80 164 27

E. An epithet of Aphrodite — 137 205 130 101 183 12 166

F. A technique of ornamentation in which a surface layer of paint, plaster, slip, etc., is incised to reveal a ground of contrasting color — 174 185 129 155 192 86 91 136 4

G. Acrobats perform balancing feats on this — 198 169 133 176 30 182 102 113 157

H. Drank together — 28 87 51 104 115 2 59 32 190

I. To emit or issue violently, as matter from a volcano — 8 33 45 84 90

J. Any of several asclepiadaceous plants — 37 31 52 97 117 68 119 203 77 99 109

K. One of the Titans — 48 121 187 14 17 69 110 118 162 175

L. This was introduced into our national pastime soon after World War I — 88 1 56 40 63 112 181 200 46 54

M. A worldwide change in sea level — 114 6 38 168 202 16 55

N. An otologist — 128 171 163 105 81 7

O. The 360th part of a complete angle or turn — 95 9 103 49 57 71

P. Of or pertaining to the dynasty that ruled the Holy Roman Empire, 962 to 1002 — 177 82 170 58 138 191 204 184

Q. This is nonvolatile — 26 22 62 107 147 13 39 165

R. A poisonous agaric, as distinguished from an edible one — 67 61 150 108 139 23 43 120 201

S. What Sarah was to Abraham — 70 20 41 193 92 94 106 125 143 158

T. A daughter of Daunus who married Diomedes — 73 65 140 116 167 194

U. These survive, according to one theory — 78 15 141 148 196 66 161

V. Counselled — 111 180 127 142 72 34 206

W. A sword — 186 151 42 85 179

X. Unscramble THE SON — 149 44 197 96 144 156

Y. Truly — 89 135 47 154 76 172

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WHY DO THEY HATE THE SOUTH?

THE SOUTH WAS BIG in the news last year. Alabama's George Wallace socked it to them — Democrats and Republicans alike — driving the Liberal "pseudo-intellectuals" (and also many conservatives) to simultaneous emotions of fear, anger and consternation. Nixon courted the South too, with Strom Thurmond waving his banners below the Mason-Dixon line and Spiro Agnew his choice for running mate. Only the Democrat candidate shunned the South — as if to say, "When you've seen one Southerner, you've seen them all." And through it all: a barrage of Liberal sneers, innuendoes and invective aimed not so much at the Southeners in the news or even their ideas *as at their very Southernness.*

Why? Why do they hate the South? Does George Wallace represent the South? Or the New Breed of Southern Republicans? Or the new Negro voters in the South? Indeed, do *any* of them, alone, represent the South and its traditions? Just what *is* the Southern tradition?

Few persons could answer the last question better than Richard M. Weaver. When he died in 1963, after nearly two decades of teaching at the University of Chicago, Weaver had earned the respect of philosophical friends and foes alike. He stood tall as one of the great conservative thinkers of our time. Among his personal papers at the time of his death was this manuscript, completed in 1943 at the age of 33. Though it mysteriously remained unpublished and indeed undiscovered until now, it was the watershed in Weaver's intellectual development. As Donald Davidson writes in his important Foreword, *The Southern Tradition At Bay* "marks the turning point of his career — the moment when he renounced the facile radicalism of the Roosevelt period for something more truly radical — the kind of 'radicalism' that the current term 'conservative' does not always suggest"; a radicalism, that is, based on first principles rather than on the intellectual fads of the moment. And, Davidson adds, "*The Southern Tradition At Bay* can be considered a groundwork for *Ideas Have Consequences* and much of Weaver's subsequent work."

The Southern Tradition At Bay was written, according to the author, after three years of reading "the history and literature of the Civil War, with special attention to that of the losing side."

The Southern Tradition At Bay

A History of Postbellum Thought
by Richard M. Weaver

Foreword by Donald Davidson.
Bibliography; comprehensive index

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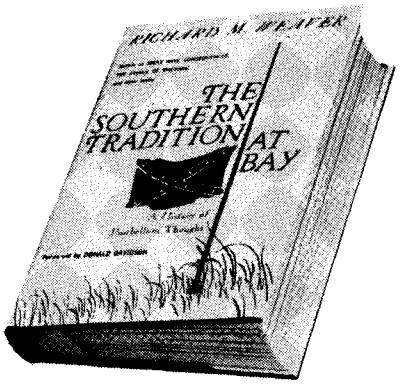

One of the most gifted conservative writers of our century, himself a native of the South, answers Southern critics in this penetrating and sympathetic portrait of "the last non-materialist civilization in the Western world."

But, Davidson notes, it "is in the end about a good deal more than the South or the Southern tradition or the hundred or more writers, speakers, generals, politicians, nurses, diarists whom Weaver examines in his study of the half-century after Appomattox. As in indirect fire by artillery, his 'aiming point' is indeed the South, but the 'target,' just over the hump, is the modern regime, both North and South, that has emerged in the mid-twentieth century and brought the Republic of the United States of America into its time of troubles."

Is the real South dead? Or rising?

As critical as he can be of aspects of the Southern tradition, Weaver concludes that "the world is seeking as perhaps never before for the thing that will lift up our hearts and restore our faith in human communities." To that yearning the South offers a challenge, "and the challenge is to save the human spirit by re-creating a non-materialist society. Only this can rescue us from a future of nihilism, urged on by the demoniacal force of technology and by our own moral defeatism."

We are proud to offer the final work of a great conservative. Gracefully written, searching and provocative, it has a message for our country today — and a relevance Richard Weaver himself could hardly have guessed.

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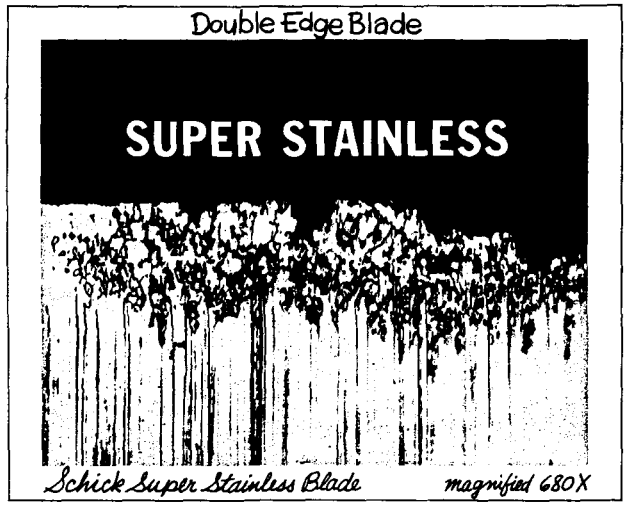
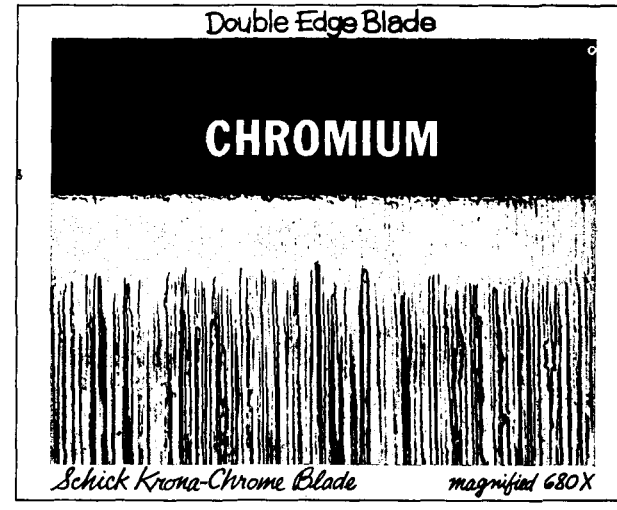


Super stainless is not complete protection against corrosion. This, for instance, is a corroded section of a plastic-coated Schick super stainless edge after five shaves, magnified 680 times. It's rough, pitted, corroded.



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